

# Sports Illustrated

MARCH 1, 1976

ONE DOLLAR

## ALI'S ROAD SHOW ROLLS ON

.....

The Champ  
Tames His Lion





1976 Lincoln Continental  
with 30,000 miles.

1976 Cadillac  
with 3,000 miles.

October 14, 1975. The Sausalito Handicap.  
How did Lincoln Continental's ride hold up after 30,000 miles?

## 68 out of 100 Cadillac owners agree. A 1976 Lincoln Continental with 30,000 miles has a better ride than a new 1976 Cadillac.



There's only one way to find out how the riding quality of an automobile will hold up over 30,000 miles: drive it 30,000 miles and see for yourself.

We drove this 1976 Lincoln Continental 30,000 highway miles. Then an independent testing company set out to measure its ride against a very tough competitor—a brand-new Cadillac with just 3,000 break-in miles.

We called this unusual test the Sausalito Handicap. One hundred Cadillac owners from the San Francisco area test-drove and test-rode both cars over the identical route.

And after 42 miles of highway driving and riding, 68 Cadillac owners out of 100 said the 1976 Lincoln

Continental—the car with 30,000 miles—had a better ride than the brand-new Cadillac!

Maybe the way this Continental's ride held up tells you why a separate survey projects that over the last four years more than 40,000 Cadillac drivers have switched to Lincoln Continental or Continental Mark IV. Experience is after all the best teacher.

Experience Continental for yourself by talking to your dealer about buying or leasing a 1976 Continental.

### LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



# Smoking.

## What are you going to do about it?

Many people are against cigarettes. You've heard their arguments. And even though we're in the business of selling cigarettes, we're not, going to advance arguments in favor of smoking.

We simply want to discuss one irrefutable fact.

A lot of people are still smoking cigarettes. In all likelihood, they'll continue to smoke cigarettes and nothing anybody has said or is likely to say is going to change their minds.

Now, if you're one of these cigarette smokers, what are you going to do about it? You may continue to smoke your present brand. With all the enjoyment and pleasure you get from smoking it. Or, if 'tar' and nicotine has become a concern to you, you may consider changing to a cigarette like Vantage.

(Of course, there is no other cigarette quite like Vantage.)

Vantage has a unique filter that allows rich flavor to come through it and yet substantially cuts down on 'tar' and nicotine.

We want to be frank. Vantage is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you can buy. But it may well be the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you will enjoy smoking.

Vantage. It's the only cigarette that gives you so much taste with so little 'tar' and nicotine.

We suggest you try a pack.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER, MENTHOL. Smoking is the leading cause of preventable death and disability in the U.S. © 1992 B&W T Co.

# A message to former members of the Peanut Gallery as they approach middle age.



The Peanut Gallery was the little grandstand on The Howdy Doody Show where all the children sat.

But it was also meant to include every child who sat in front of the TV enraptured by Buffalo Bob, Clarabelle, Phineas T. Bluster and friends. You were all buddies and contemporaries of Howdy Doody, and that's the way it would always be.

Of course, that isn't the way it stayed. You grew up and got married. And Howdy Doody, who would always be a child, is now thirty-three years old.

**You can't postpone the future.**

If all that time can fly by so fast, imagine how quickly the *next* several years will pass.

That's why we'd like to urge you to get ready for them.

And that's where Metropolitan Life can help.

**We don't just insure your life.**

**We help insure your future.**

You're probably hoping to send your children to college. We can provide insurance that can help make it possible.

Or maybe you'd like to build the vacation home you've always promised yourself. Your Metropolitan insurance can help.

Or maybe, instead of retiring, you'll decide to start a second career or your own business. We can help make that possible, too.

In fact, two out of every three dollars we pay out in benefits go to

living policyholders—to help pay for their future.

**He who hesitates**

**pays higher premiums.**

At Metropolitan Life, we insure over forty million people. We've been helping people prepare for the future for 107 years. But while much has changed over that time, one fact about personal life insurance is always the same:

The sooner you begin, the less it costs every year.

See your Metropolitan representative. Soon.

Because the future gets closer every minute.

 **Metropolitan**  
Where the future is now

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### Next Week

**BLUE-CHIP BOATS** on blue water make the Southern circuit winter's top ocean racing, and never has competition been more intense. Three-time SORC champion Carleton Mitchell reports

**BUFFALO BOB** runs and guns, then runs and guns some more. He is the Braves' Can-Do McAdoo, MVP in the NBA last season, leading scorer now and subject of a Curry Kirkpatrick profile

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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Beginning 21 years ago with a parody entitled *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in Dart*, the Dartmouth College humor magazine, *SI* has been frequently skewered on the pens of undergraduate satirists and their elders at publications such as *Mud*, *Playboy* and *National Lampoon*. Excerpts from the most recent parody, done in 1974 by the *Harvard Lampoon*, were reprinted a couple of weeks ago. The *Lampoon*, the nation's oldest humor magazine, celebrated its centennial by publishing *100 Years of Harvard Lampoon Parodies*. The book's section on *SI* includes such articles as "Amblers in the Lam" by a writer identified as Frank Deformed and "Hear No Li, See No Li!" by one Rex Terrible, plus takeoffs on *SECRETARIAT*, *LAMES IN THE CROWN* and *BASHFUL'S WEEK*.

Almost all major magazines have been parodied at one time or another, but *SI* must hold the record for catching the satirist's eye most quickly. *Dart* took its shot at us just 3½ months after we began publishing in 1954. "We lay claim to the dubious distinction of being the first magazine in the world to

concept whose time has long since come.

The Yale *Record*'s two parodies, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (1959) and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (1965), included "Jimmy Germead's Rot Box," a "Lib from the Flop" golf tip and articles with the somewhat familiar bylines of Clare Blooshe Tuere, Jeremiah Lax, Charles Boren, Nick Jacklaus and Tex Maul. The sidewalk-surfing barefoot boy who appeared on the *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* cover was Seth Hoyt, now an advertising salesman for *SI*. The *Record* chairman that year, John Schenck, heads up our promotion presentation department.

At least five issues of *Mud* have used take-offs on our name: *SPORTS SODS-HEADS*, *THREE CONSIDERATIONS OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, *SPORTS INJANETED*, *NON-SERIOUS OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and *YOUNG SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. And in 1970 *Playboy* suggested a new dimension to *SI*'s coverage by envisioning what might happen if we had a centerfold girl. The result: Jacqueline Strap, a topless sportswoman for all seasons.

Harvard senior Mark O'Donnell was one of the members of the *Lampoon* who helped produce its *SI* parody during the summer of 1974. "We did most of the photomodeling ourselves," he says. "My identical twin Stephen and I appeared as the football-playing Siamese Dremio twins. The 11-person staff, which included the first woman ever elected to the *Lampoon*, arranged seemingly impossible feats, including the renting of Fenway Park for the cover photograph and the hiding of live miniature stuffed moose.

"Stacks of *SIs* dating back to 1955 were studied to absorb the cavalier, erudite, punny, just-literative-enough prose. We found *SI* to be probably the hardest magazine of all to parody, because of its quality. I had never read the magazine before. In fact, half of the staff had never read *SI*. By the time it was over, we'd become habitual readers."

That makes us smile, too.

Sack Meyer

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publish a parody of Time-Life's new baby *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*," *Dart* said. "With such intriguing features as *THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT*, [Jimmy Jensen's] *HOTBOX*, *PAT ON THE BACK* and *SPECTACLE*, how can one resist a little friendly teasing?"

The Stanford *Chaparral*'s *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* followed in 1958. In that issue a *SPORTING LOOK* feature by Jo Ahen Zilch presented the then-ridiculous idea of sweatshirt ensembles designed for the sportswoman, a fashion



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## SHARKS THE SILENT SAVAGES Theo W. Brown



How sharks behave, and how man might control them—this is the subject of a spell-binding new book by a veteran diver and researcher, "a rare man seeking to unravel and conquer a frightening corner of nature." —*Library Journal*

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**A Sports Illustrated Book.  
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## BOOKTALK

by ROBERT CANTWELL

**A RARE MIX OF SCIENCE AND ROMANCE  
YIELDS A CLASSIC OF NATURE WRITING**

If you climb to the Continental Divide in western Wyoming, about 75 miles south of Yellowstone National Park, and locate a place called Knagsack Col, you can look down from the heights and see the beginning of the Green River. There might be some question as to why you should do that, since the river at that point is no more than a thin line across a rocky valley and the least impressive part of the magnificent scenery. But Ann Zwinger maintains in *Rue, River, Rue* (Harper & Row, \$19.95) that everything having to do with the Green is worth firsthand examination and study. She not only climbed the mountains to see for herself where it began (the Geological Survey being a little vague), but crawled along a glacier to take the temperature of the water. It was 32°. By rights it should have been turning to ice, but it flowed in rivulets about four feet apart. "Flow energy, converted into heat energy, is sufficient to melt and cut the troughs even though the water itself is running just at freezing," Zwinger tells us.

She followed the Green River downstream every foot of its 730-mile flow, walking along the banks, running the rapids in her canoe and floating on a rubber raft through the final miles where the Green joins the Colorado before entering the Grand Canyon. On the way she drew flowers, geological structures, outcroppings, rock fragments, Indian artifacts, fossils, weeds and plants; she reported on fish, animals and birds, the river's history, settlements, exploration, outlaws, irrigation projects, dams and abandoned homesteads. Part of the strangeness of *Rue, River, Rue* comes from the dutiful scientific recording of what was, in the best sense, a romantic experience.

The Green meanders around Wyoming on the western side of the Divide, cuts into northeastern Utah, swings east into Colorado for 42 miles and then turns back into Utah to join the Colorado. It was a famous river when almost nothing else was known about the Rocky Mountain West and had a magnetic attraction for mountain men who held the annual fur trappers' rendezvous on its banks. There was a big business. General William Ashley, who organized the first roundup in 1825, collected \$50,000 for 8,829 pounds of beaver skin. The emigrants on the Oregon Trail funneled to a crossing of the Green. They were glad to reach it. By one route it was the first water they encountered

in 55 miles, and their oxen plodded at two mph. They found a tranquil, grassy terrace above the cold, fast-flowing stream, hedged with groves of cottonwoods, it was not surprising that the beauty of the Green became legendary.

The river was a starting point for all sorts of enterprises, among them one of the first organized sweepstakes in the Rockies. It was staged in 1837 by one Captain William Stewart, a visiting Englishman, for a purse of \$500, a portion of the prize consisting of a dozen bottles of champagne and two mules. Major John Wesley Powell set out on the Green for his exploration of the Grand Canyon. George Parker, better known as Butch Cassidy, had a hideout in a secluded valley on the river, a valley so sheltered that cattle could winter there despite the frozen mountains around it. For 30-odd years before 1905 the area served as a way station on a rustlers' cattle trail that ran for hundreds of miles. It was on the Green that the first dude ranch in Wyoming was established in 1894; it lasted until 1906. The cabins are still standing, and Zwinger examined them with the same detachment she devoted to the cut-throat trout that William Clark discovered during the Lewis and Clark expedition.

You cannot traverse the Green River in one continuous trip. When there is high water in the upper river, deep enough for a canoe, it is too early to backpack into the mountains. And in midsummer, when you can get into the upper river, the water is too low for a canoe. Consequently, Zwinger made many trips over many segments during several seasons, and stitched them together into a consistent narrative. As a result her book compounds river adventures—or canoe misadventures with an impressive amount of scientific information about the places where they happened.

The alternation of action and information sometimes produce an unreal effect, like running a rapid in slow motion. But the information is so unfamiliar, and Zwinger ranges so widely over geology, botany, zoology—not to mention history and politics—that the reader remains as interested in her treatment of these subjects as he is in her description of a drop over a four-foot falls. Moreover, the data is neatly packaged for painless assimilation. It is hard to say whether such passages are digressions from the adventure story or whether the adventure story is a digression from the scientific lectures. In any event, floating down that old Green River is a surprisingly pleasant way of learning a lot that one would otherwise not be likely to find out on a canoe trip. *Rue, River, Rue* is one of those rare works of the contemporary imagination—a thoroughly nice book. **END**



# A way to save hours in blood transfusions when there aren't even seconds to waste.

A massive accident.

An emergency ward scrambles as ambulances begin to roll in. Dozens of people have been seriously injured.

To save lives, blood transfusions are needed for many. And speed is critical to prevent shock, falling blood pressure, even anoxia in vital nerve centers.

## Precious time lost.

Before stored blood can be transfused, it should be filtered.

And until recently, this filtering process was a potential for a lethal bottleneck. Caused by as seemingly simple a thing as the casing for the filter element.

The casings were made of stainless steel. Sturdy, unbreakable, but far too expensive to throw away after use, so they had to be cleaned, sterilized and re-used. And sterilization meant several hours of boiling, or long exposure to cobalt radiation.

But when the sudden need arose for immense quantities of blood in a hurry, the hours spent in sterilization became desperately unaffordable.

## New casings cut delays.

The solution was found in filter casings made of K-resin, a clear, virtually unbreakable plastic that provided the same vital qualities of durability and asepsis as stainless steel casings, but eliminated delays.

Because of their relatively low cost, casings made of K-resin plastic could be packaged sterile, used once and thrown away. So the time lost was reduced to just the time it took to discard a used



*Disposable filter casings, made possible through the use of a strong clear plastic, save precious time.*

casing and filter and unpackaging fresh, sterile replacements.

The new casings have even helped hospitals save money, by spending more efficiently.

The valuable time of hospital employees is no longer taken up in the time-consuming handling of the stainless steel casings.

## A need creates a solution.

Today, casings made of K-resin plastic are used in hospitals all over the country.

And the crucial hours once spent on the sterilization of casings have now become scant minutes.

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A man in a cowboy hat and dark clothing is riding a dark horse. The horse is galloping, kicking up dust. The background is a bright, hazy sky with a large, glowing sun or moon on the left side. The overall tone is dramatic and classic.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CRANMER

## YOU PLAY BALL WITH ME

Next week is when spring training seriously begins for major league baseball, or was supposed to begin, or, God forbid, gets delayed indefinitely. The effluence of spring—in the form of pitchers loosening up, batters swinging rustily, shortstops cautiously trying that first long throw across the infield—can be dimmed and lost if the infighting between the owners and the players gets in the way.

But hope springs eternal, the pun probably being intentional. Spring is the season to be optimistic. Agreement has yet to be reached in baseball's big contract dispute, but some signs of settlement can be found. The owners, traditionally intractable, made an offer to the players that showed management is at last willing to accept the principle that the reserve clause has to be changed. In other words, litigation is no longer necessarily the last word on the subject. The players, while countering the offer, used temperate language, made it clear that they were willing to accept some restriction on their freedom of movement from club to club, made no instant threat to strike and reaffirmed that they were willing to go to spring training without a contract.

In other words, even though we're negotiating, let's play ball. Right. It would be a dreadful mistake for the owners to lock the players out of the training camps, as they are seriously threatening to do. After the upshot note of last season, culminating in a splendid World Series, spring training this year is essential, as much for the continued goodwill of the fans as for the conditioning of the players. Neither side compromises itself by taking part in this warm, welcome rite of spring, and "play ball" is not just an idle phrase.

## APRIL POOL

People disturbed by stories of declining interest in sport might be interested to know that tickets for the 1977 NCAA

basketball championship, which will be played in Atlanta late in March, will go on sale April 1—this year Stan Watts, chairman of the NCAA's Division I basketball committee, says. "There has been such a demand for tickets to the championship the past few years that we have to hold a lottery." All public sales are by mail only (maximum: four tickets per customer), and to have your order even considered it must be postmarked April 1 or later. Except later may be too late. The April 1 letters are put in a pool and drawings are made until all tickets are gone. If tickets are left over, April 2 postmarks go in the pool. "However," Watts warned, "we had to return many April 1 orders last year."

## IT PASSETH UNDERSTANDING

Sport as a bellwether of international goodwill was at its finest in a recent diplomatic discussion between France and Italy. The boundary separating the two countries twists and turns through the Alpine hills and mountains, and it was discovered that while the 1st toe of a golf course near Montgenèvre was in Italy, the 18th green was in France. Similarly, a ski lift rising to a French slope had its bottom stations in Italy.

Consultation and, *voilà*, a sporting exchange: the boundary has been formally straightened. Italy got the golf course, France the ski lift. Peace.

## THE REVOLUTIONARY IDEA

The Philadelphia Phillies, given to extravagant promotional stunts on opening day, have worked out a complex Bicentennial revue for this season's home opener on April 10. A baseball will be carried by riders on horseback all the way from Boston to Philadelphia and into Veterans Stadium, where it will be transferred to someone called Rocket Man, who will jet pack his way around the stadium before presenting the ball to Hall of Famer Robin Roberts, who will, after all this effort, toss out the first ball.

A sportswriter listening as the complex

plan was outlined asked, "What's the rider going to shout as he goes by—one if by fastball, two if by curve?"

## BOSTON BEANPOT

In Bicentennial Boston, that city of midnight rides and floating tea parties, the revolutionary fervor yet lives. Boston is a town of hockey madness, with rinks open round the clock, Zambonis gulping gas like Cadillacs, and the annual Beanpot Hockey Tournament. For 24 winners four metropolitan schools (Boston University, Boston College, Harvard, Northeastern) have met in short, furious battle for the unofficial city championship. First prize is an actual honest-to-God beanpot.

Boston University, victor eight of the past 10 years and ranked No. 1 in the East this season, was expected to win the tournament again, in good part because of the numerous skilled Canadian players on its roster. There are 16 collegians from north of the border on the Terriers' 27-man squad.

But Boston College, twice defeated this



year by BU in regular-season play, possibly because its squad is totally American, showed the old patriotic spirit in the 1976 Beanpot by upsetting the favored Terriers 6-3 in the tournament final. Not only are the Eagles all homegrown, 80% of them are from greater Boston. BC's nationalistic approach to hockey is explained by John (Snooks) Kelley, who retired in 1972 after coaching BC for 36 years. "It's not that we're anti-Canadian," says Kelley. "We're just pro-American. The kid who delivers your paper, who takes your daughter to the

continued

prom—that's who we want at BC. There are plenty of good hockey players right here in this country."

After the splendid triumph a soaring Eagle fan, savoring the taste of Bean for the first time in 11 years, cried, "Well, we've beaten the Canadians. Bring on the Russians!"

#### BROTHER, CAN YOU SPARE A . . .

Several people in various parts of the country have popped up with the same lively suggestion: Hey, they say, why not raise money for the U.S. Olympic team by having a check-off box on Federal income tax returns? You know, like the one that lets you contribute \$1 to your favorite presidential election campaign fund. Boy, what an idea! So simple and easy. We could raise a bunch of money for the Olympics that way.

Wait a minute! If we can give money to politicians and athletes, there would be no reason why we couldn't contribute to other causes. Put a check mark here if you want to contribute a dollar for cancer research, public libraries, reforestation, fighting the common cold, helping New York City avoid default, building shuffleboard courts for the aged, stamping out coyotes and wolves, protecting coyotes and wolves. Our own suggestion is a box that would let you contribute to the construction of a home for retired sportswriters. We know the spot—on Longboat Key in Florida, not too far from fishing, swimming, the baseball camps, horse racing, NFL football, restaurants, bars.

Or put a check mark here if you think a tax form is for taxes.

#### FANTASYLAND

The subject of money and the Olympics brings us to amateurism, which is so hard to define, since one man's amateur is another man's cheat. Who can blame the athletes, some of whom have a hard time figuring out which table their bread is under? Rules, in a word, vary and some amateurs are able to marry, raise children and live comfortably without apparently doing painful work. Years ago, before open tennis came into being, Red Smith recognized this when he described the Australian star Frank Sedgman, who had received a £6,000 (\$13,260) gift from Aussie fans before he turned professional in 1953, as "the world's most amateur tennis player, pound for pound."

Now we have Cindy Nelson, Ameri-

ca's Olympic bronze medal winner in the downhill at Innsbruck. On the same day Nelson made her medal-winning run, several hundred thousand readers of the Sunday New York Times saw her featured in a big, striking, colorful ad for Fabergé. Nelson's name was headlined over a photograph of her in ski clothes, with skis. "I just discovered Fabergé's new LipStick," burbles the copy, which goes on to stress Nelson's position as a top-ranked international competitor.

How come? How can an amateur endorse a commercial product? The answer is, Nelson received no money for the ad. Instead, the U.S. ski team benefited. Under International Ski Federation rules, she therefore remained an amateur.

Fair enough? Perhaps. But in other sports, an athlete appearing in such an ad would have had his or her amateur status shot down on sight. Four University of Hawaii basketball players who appeared, without pay, in an automobile commercial at the request of their coach, were summarily suspended under NCAA rules. When a photograph of decathlon world-record holder Bruce Jenner appeared in an ad put out by the insurance company he works for, U.S. amateur officials had to go to considerable trouble to prove to the International Amateur Athletic Federation that the photo had been run without Jenner's knowledge and consent.

How can such disparate attitudes be justified? If you can answer that one, you're eligible to run for president of the International Olympic Committee.

#### GOING TO THE DOGS

Although the poodle is still the most popular dog in the country, leading the American Kennel Club registration figures for the 16th straight year, guard dogs, or "deterrent dogs" as they are delicately termed by the sensitive, are growing their way up the list. German shepherds are second, Doberman pinchers fourth. "There are no toy breeds in the top 10 anymore," says John Mandeville of the AKC. "There is tremendous interest in the larger dogs, including Irish setters, Labradors, golden retrievers, Saint Bernards, English sheepdogs and Siberian huskies, because they are all substantial dogs."

There are some 40 million dogs in the U.S. now—every other American household has one—and the amount of money spent annually on their purchase, care

and feeding is more than \$2 billion. Kerr Mudgeon, our house grouch, says it's enough to make him go out and buy a cat. Though he prefers goldfish, which never growl and seldom bite.

#### LET'S GO, LENS

The familiar lose-the-contact-lens-on-the-gym-floor routine took on a new dimension during a high school basketball game in Delaware between Tower Hill and Wilmington Friends. At a tense moment, with the crowd on edge, one of the players called time and indicated he had lost a lens. Next came the tedious hands-and-knees scene, while the bubbling, expectant crowd subsided into silence. It was too much to take. A small cluster of fans began to chant, "FIND that contact! FIND that contact!" and the cry spread to the entire arena. A great cheer of relief went up when the player found the elusive bit of plastic—hidden in a corner of his eye—and the game was able to go on.

#### PAN VALUE

Par golfers seem always to be knocking par to smithereens, with the poor fellow who comes in with a nice neat 70 back there in 37th place. However, an analysis of the 1975 tour shows that in the unlikely event a golfer had played every round of every tournament and had shot even par in every round, he would have won nearly \$150,000.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Leo Nomellini, All-Pro tackle with the San Francisco 49ers and later a professional wrestler, asked which is the tougher sport: "Oh, wrestling is much tougher. Every night you have to drive a lot of miles to another arena."
- Dr. Arthur Beisser, Los Angeles psychiatrist, on violence in sports: "We're seeing a new sort of violence. It's being used not as a means to an end, but for recreational purposes, for pleasure. It's an end in itself."
- Rich Gossage, Chicago White Sox pitcher, on the possibility the team might wear shorts this season: "I don't have bad-looking legs."
- John P. Flanagan, Indiana legislator, explaining that the reason he voted for a bill that would authorize pari-mutuel betting on horse racing in his state was his mother: "When I left home this morning she said, 'Son, it's too far to drive to Louisville.'"

END

# WHEN YOU SPEND \$10,000 FOR A CAR, YOU SHOULDN'T BE AFRAID TO DRIVE IT.

Any man who has traveled the highway to success shouldn't feel he has to detour around potholes.

Yet it seems many big, expensive cars today are better prepared for country club driveways than city streets and back roads.

The elegant new Volvo 264 is not your commonplace rich man's car. It offers more than luxury. It's engineered to afford you the privilege of abusing it.

A new front suspension combining springs and struts absorbs jolts and increases stability by reducing roll.

Thousands upon thousands of spot-welds (each one strong enough to support the entire weight of the car) fuse body and frame into one solid, silent unit.

The Volvo 264 is extremely agile. A new light alloy, fuel-injected overhead cam V-6 cuts weight. (The 264 is 1,100 pounds lighter and almost a foot shorter than the new "small" Cadillac Seville.

Not to mention almost \$4,000 smaller in price.)

The 264 GL is also the most lavishly equipped Volvo we make. Leather everywhere you sit. A heated driver's seat. Power front windows. Sunroof. And air conditioning.

So if you're thinking about buying a luxury car, give some thought to the Volvo 264.

You've worked hard to afford the best. You deserve a car that can take the worst.



**VOLVO 264**  
The car for people who think.

# ONE-NIGHTER IN



*Ali's Day: serenity in the morning, no tension in the evening as he dispatches poor Coopman.*

The French painter had just finished a still life, flowers in an apothecary jar, eggplant on a plate. A novelist friend glanced at the canvas and threw up his arms: "In a gallery of 5,000 pictures what is there to halt the sleepy procession in front of your work?" Pander to the blockheads, forget the connoisseurs, the novelist advised. The only way to escape from the horde of the unknown is to be a madman or clever; talent was not relevant. Paint a picture at the North Pole, he urged, dress like an Egyptian king, found a new school, or better yet, shoot your wife.

It is an old truth, of course, even in the far removed world of the prize ring, and it seemed to be the way things were last Friday night in fight-wise San Juan, Puerto Rico when Muhammad Ali, an exotic, gracefully and humanely sent Jean-Pierre Coopman back to his dreary Flemish village. The final punch in the fifth round—a right uppercut whipping up like a scythe flashing in the sun—stunned the thick Belgian and a shove left him groping serenely about the floor, making an awful liar out of Julius Caesar who said: "Horum Omnium fortissimi sunt Belgae."

*continued*





# SAN JUAN

*Jamming the stadium, they came not to see the ludicrous show but the star. And with good reason, for Ali, embarking upon an unparalleled year, has far transcended his sport*

by MARK KRAM



Hard nationalists are the Belgians—about 1,000 of them made the trip to San Juan—and they still believe that of all the people in Caesar's Gaul they are the bravest. But Coopman, their Lion of Flanders, was a blow to their pride. When he lost, they cried freely and then, pulling themselves together, went to the food stand across from their hotel and ate Cuban sandwiches by the truckload and drank beer by the buckets; they are a hearty race. Listening to them between bites and swallows, it was evident that the Lion's fan club back home was in serious jeopardy.

But long before the Belgian spirit and the Lion's head were jointly bludgeoned in Roberto Clemente Coliseum, this much was irrefutable: never before has there been clearer evidence of what Ali has come to mean. He is much more than a mere celebrity. He does not have to box at the North Pole or talk of his work as if it were a dark mystery, and nobody cares much about his marital situation. He needs no gimmick to overwhelm the marketplace. He has become *sui generis*, a wonder of the world, a traveling theater that must be seen, else we may never see it again.

What is this road show, this marvelous attraction? A quick look, and it seems to be reeling scenes of repetition: old lines repeated over and over, familiar gestures of widening eyes and threatening fist being shaken at some opponent or planted heckler; mock fury that has

to be restrained by handlers at weigh-ins. It is all so creakingly old. But peer closer and there is much more: his accessibility, the way he exposes himself to the crowds, his genuine humanity that is felt more than heard, his caring about what happens to us all.

What is this audience that has made him probably—certainly?—the most celebrated figure in the world today? His followers cut across all class lines. There are the masses of poor, who see him as a symbol of escape from their own miseries, as an enemy of tyrannous governments. There are the moneyed, who must always be near success. There is the white middle class, that huge engine of society that once so rejected him but now jockeys for position with miniature cameras and ballpoint pens.

There have been more emotional scenes than San Juan for Ali, more frenzied atmospheres as he has toured the globe he seems to have claimed as his own, but the hard facts of San Juan were eloquent testimony to the power of his presence. Here he was matched against Coopman, an amateur at best who was outweighed by 20 pounds, shorter by three inches and outreached by five inches. Not only would it be the worst mismatch in heavyweight championship history, but the most overpriced (\$200 ringside) as well. In defense of the consumer, the press hammered violently all week at these facts, but still the tickets moved.

It was a matter of force against force; Ali's power against sense and reason. By the bell it was a unanimous decision for Ali. Each day more than 600 people, paying a fat \$5 a head, jammed his hotel to watch him work out. By fight time there were 10,000 people in the Coliseum and another 11,500 paying customers ready to watch the bout on closed circuit in a stadium next door. Add to this the \$1 million that CBS paid for the television rights, and if that is not a wonder, Jack, as the promoter, Don King, said, "There ain't no Leaning Tower of Pizza."

Well, as every schoolboy knows, there is a tower called Pisa—and there is also Muhammad Ali, one of the phenomena of the century, artistically as well as in presence. In 1976, the phenomenon contemplates a year no heavyweight champion has ever dreamed of. It is tempting to recall Joe Louis' Bum of the Month Club, but the companion is inaccurate.

Boxing is only a small part of the Muhammad Ali picture; interest in ring esthetics did not generate the millions of dollars involved in this fight, nor does it move the multitudes that shadow his every step wherever he chooses to fight. It is the man that counts; there is a Ghanaian aura to his journeys.

The road show will next play San Jose, Costa Rica, where Ali will fight Jimmy Young in late April for \$1½ million. After that comes Tokyo in May for \$6 million against who knows whom, and then who knows where or when against Ken Norton, the man who broke Ali's jaw three years ago. "I put a \$14 million price tag on that one," says King. "Istanbul, and Khartoum in the Sudan, and Kuwait, all of them say they're ready to go. But I want it to go in the United States on July 4th. We're trying to put it in Shea Stadium for \$12 million, and then there's that new stadium in Pontiac, Mich." Why would King sacrifice \$2 million to have the fight in the U.S.? "We've been travelin', man, and we're tired," he says, "and we want the fight to go on the anniversary of the revolution against King George. We're patriots."

Ali plans to fight every two months for two reasons: he needs the money, and he wants to take his show to as many people as possible. Despite his impulse to buy things, to transport hundreds of people to his fights—he picked up the bill for 55 rooms in San Juan—he is far from being bankrupt. Sitting in the lobby of the El San Juan Hotel on a Louis XVI couch, he explained: "I'm doin' a lot of things for charity. I'm buildin' a school. I'm buildin' a hospital. I need money. I got a million for this fight, but look what's left. Taxes cut it to \$600,000 here, and my expenses and taxes at home knock it down to \$350,000. Then out comes my manager's end. I can't go on forever, but I'm gonna raise some hell while I can."

He was apologetic about the fight. "I felt bad when it was over. He fell and I felt sorry for him. You know that Belgium guy is a good fellow. I hate to fight, but I got to have money, got to have fame. He's got a wife. She was cryin'. His mother was cryin'. We live in a freakish world, a vicious world. People like to see blood. You saw me. I wasn't the fighter I was against Joe Frazier in Manila. So I beat up Coopman. So what?" He paused for a moment, and then said, "Man, peo-

King wants a Bicentennial fight in the U.S.



ple want life and death all the time from me. Why, I got Norton and Foreman ahead of me. Let me have a little rest in between."

That seems to be agreeable to his public, but his manager, Herbert Muhammad, wants to control the form that his "rests" take. Mindful of Ali's economic future, and also the possibility of a freak upset, Herbert does not want cheap comedy to taint Ali's talent, to diminish his aura. Against Coopman, Ali started off clownishly, and as always his corner got on him. In the second round, Ali's brother Rachman kept pleading in a maniacal voice for the champion to "be tough." Ali finally looked down at him and said, "Shut up!" In the third, only the voice of Bundini Brown was heard, hoarsely advising him that "the Chief [God] was watching him in his living room." By the fourth, Herbert had had enough. "It looks like this cat's got a hard head, too," said Herbert. "Some of these cats got real hard heads. You don't know what's gonna happen." He then walked into the pit below Ali's corner and said a few indelicate words to Wally Muhammad, one of the handlers.

The message was clear enough to be heard. "Tell him to stop all this foolin' around, or I'm walkin' out of the building."

If Herbert had walked, it would not have been an ordinary manager taking his leave. It would have been the son of the late Elijah Muhammad, founder of the Muslims, it would have been the No. 2 man in the Muslim empire turning his back on a subject. Such a gesture would have grave implications. Ali got the message.

Shortly thereafter he did to Coopman what had to be done. In his dressing room the Belgian was smiling as he described what had happened to him. "I was not hit hard. I was not unconscious, but I could not get up. It felt like a 500-pound bag had me pinned down." The Lion smiled some more when he fled town in the 5 a.m. darkness, back to Ingelmarster in Flanders, back to a \$4.50 an hour job chiseling stones for the restoration of medieval cathedrals. He can be content with the knowledge that there will not be one more poppy in Flanders' fields and that no man who climbs into a ring with Muhammad Ali can ever be a neocentist again.

AND

## THE NEXT STOP IS COSTA RICA

Ali sat comfortably in his dressing room watching on TV as 23-year-old Jimmy Young, ranked No. 2 among heavyweight contenders by *Ring Magazine*, slapped and struggled his way to a 10-round decision over Joe (King) Roman. Scheduled for Costa Rica in late April, Ali-Young also will be a home TV bout. The question is whether it will be as dull as the Coopman fight. Some in San Juan thought so. Said one witness, "Not only could Young not take out Roman, a man who lasted two-thirds of a round with Foreman, he couldn't take out his wife for dinner." But Angelo Dundee, Ali's trainer, foresees no repeat of the Coopman debacle. "Young beats Coopman easy," Dundee says. "The guy's a boxer." Young's most lustrous wins have been over British champ Richard Dunn and Venezuela's Jose Luis Garcia, but the victory that put him in the contender's seat was a 10-round upset of Ron Lyle a year ago. "Young's a stand-up guy," says Dundee, "and he leans slightly to his left so he always appears to be lopsided. He's what I call a cone fighter. Not great, but a threat."



Young: unimpressive in San Juan.

### DUNDEE'S VIEW OF THE BEST OF THE REST

#### No. 1 KEN NORTON, 30

He is one of the two living humans who have beaten Ali, so he knows something about him. Fights like Archie Moore—peek-a-boo with his arms across his face. Best punch is a left hook to the body and head. With his right he slaps with an open glove. I call his style a stutter-style, and he's so big and strong, you got to take it to him. Good fighter. Dangerous.

#### No. 2 JOE FRAZIER, 32

Still the second-best active heavyweight. What can you say? Frazier had one misfortune: he came along at the same time as Ali.

#### No. 4 GEORGE FOREMAN, 33

He's got to get rid of the stigma from the Lyle fight in January. Still the hardest-punching heavyweight. If he could learn to box he could regain the title after Ali's gone.

#### No. 5 RON LYLE, 32

A very strong guy. Not as easy to hit as most people think. Quicker than he looks. He came within an eyelash of beating Foreman and fought well against Ali last May.

#### No. 6 EARNIE SHAWERS, 30

Beaten by Lyle and Jerry Quarry. Last victory was over Oliver Wright. He can hit you with any kind of shot and get you out of there. If he hits you, I call him ago/no-go guy. Either he goes or you go.

#### No. 7 DUANE BOBICK, 33

Had a tough time living down the Olympic loss to Teófilo Stevenson, and that's shaken his confidence. But he's big and he's smart. He'll fight for the title one of these days.

#### No. 8 JOE RUGNER, 23

I think he could be champ someday, though people think I'm insane.

#### No. 9 CHUCK WAPNER, 33

What you see is what you get. He came out of his fight with Ali smelling like flowers. Age is against him, and he does a lot of busting up. But whoever did more busting up than Carmen Basilio?

#### No. 10 LARRY HOLMES, 34

Lost to Bobick in the 1972 Olympic try-outs and has kept a low profile. Good boxer, good puncher. Has not had to take punishment yet.

# IT WAS A PREVIEW IN SNEAKERS

*Boston met Golden State in what may have been a sneak preview of the NBA finals. The Warriors won, but the Celtics, bolstered by tempered temperamentalist Charlie Scott, showed their mettle* **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

Sometime along about the summer solstice, when the running, gunning Bay Bridge Golden State Warriors get around to meeting the running, gunning Bay State Boston Celtics for the championship of basketball by the bays, both teams will surely remember last Saturday night's game in Oakland and a young man who looked two chilling moments in the eye and said, "Hello, I'm Phil Smith, and you're not."

The twin plays that the lanky Golden State guard made 37 seconds apart came near the end of a grueling contest during which the younger-than-springtime Warriors and the older-than-the-hills Celtics had battled each other with savage fury until only one team was left standing. That the one was Golden State resulted from the fact that Smith pulled off the big plays, and Dave Cowens or Charlie Scott or F. Lee Bailey or whoever was assigned to block Smith off the offensive board did not.

The situation was this: in a game that may well have been a preview of the NBA finals, the Warriors came from 14 points behind to take the lead in the third quarter, then Boston rallied from nine back to cut Golden State's lead to 93-92 with 1:22 to play. At that point Charles Dudley, an Unknown and therefore Essential Warrior, shot and missed from the left side.

As the bodies tumbled underneath the basket the angular Smith, who stands 6'4" but has very long arms, came up with the ball, dribbled out to the right and nailed a jumper. After John Havlicek made a layup to make the score 95-94, Golden State again brought the ball down the left side. This time Rick Barry, he of the new hair weave ("Go easy on me; it looks good out of uniform"), took the shot. It missed, but once more Smith was right there. He tipped the ball clear, dribbled out to the right and nailed a jumper. Sound familiar? Seconds later, when Boston's Scott heaved an air ball at the other end, the result was familiar, too. The Warriors took possession of the game as well as the ball. They went on



*His psyche in synch with the Celts, Scott is shooting a lot less, but playing much better.*

to win 100-94 for their fifth victory in their last seven confrontations with the Celtics.

"Smith crashed into our guys on the first rebound and held on the second," said Boston Coach Tom Heinsohn in a characteristically objective analysis. But the facts were that Smith's 27 points and some fine defensive work by Dudley and another of the Warriors' faceless wonders, Dwight Davis, were the reasons Golden State won. Warrior Center Clifford Ray also played an important role by holding Cowens to nine points.

"You've got to push the dude around to impress him. You've got to lay some skin on him," said Ray of Cowens. That is a good description of how all the players on the two best teams in the NBA go after each other.

"Was this like playoff time?" said Dudley, presenting Golden State's point of view. "If it's Boston, it's always playoff time." Though most of the Celtics denied having a special feeling about the game, there was a certain edge to their demeanor. Golden State had defeated Boston three out of four games in 1974-75, then went on to replace the Celts as the NBA champions. This season the teams had alternated home-court victories. The Celtics' win was by a nine-point margin, but the Warriors' triumph was a 133-101 runaway in which Boston either committed turnovers or was forced into bad shots eight of the first 10 times it had the ball.

"You don't forget something like that," said Cowens. "We were embarrassed. There aren't any supermen on the other side, but if you let a team think it can beat you, it will keep right on doing it. Then you're just a normal bunch, back in the pack."

The proud Celts seldom have been accused of being ordinary, and this season's team is no different. Nonetheless, Boston has suffered from inconsistency. The season started with the team having to understand, if not appreciate, the many moods of the newly acquired Scott. And with Forwards Don Nelson, Havlicek and Silas approaching an age usually associated with *Bicentennial Minutes*, Heinsohn felt his team might be vulnerable in the corners. Havlicek has been an All-Star for 11 straight years, and Silas is a renowned sixth man who sends opposing rebounders crashing into the basket supports. The coach's problem was: What would happen if all three for-

wards turned decrepit at the same time?

Nelson, the first of that reliable trio to show the effects of his advancing years, then rookies Tom Boswell and Ed Searcy took turns starting opposite Havlicek, but none of them handled the job properly. Only after Steve Kuberski, a former Celtic who had gone on to fail with three other teams, came back was the lineup set. When that happened, the Celtics, according to Heinsohn, "went crazy." From Thanksgiving to the All-Star break Boston was 26 and 7, a performance that nearly sewed up first place in the Atlantic Division.

All Kuberski does during games is fill a few lanes on the fast break and kick a few rear ends until Silas comes smoking off the bench. His real value to the team is that, above all, he is a Celtic. Watching Kuberski in practice one day, Jo Jo White mentioned this to Scott. "There's nothing wrong with Steve," he said. "Thing is, he can't play anywhere else. He's just a Celtic."

And now, so is Scott. During its long run Charlie's rant has provided some neat NBA theater. He is 6'6" and unusually quick and has unlimited talent. But he also has been branded a chronic complainer, a malcontent. "Scott's your basic score-35-but-lose-by-12 runner," is how a detractor once put it. During four years in Phoenix, Scott averaged 23.5 points per game, but could not lead the Suns out of the desert.

When Red Auerbach traded for this enigma last summer, there was speculation that the old boy had finally choked on his cigar. Scott, it was said, would not fit in at Boston, would not adapt his game, would not accept coaching.

But he has. A habitual sprinter, Scott has adjusted his style to the intricate weaving of the Boston fast break. He has labored hard on defense, while scoring almost 19 points per game. Most important, he has made an effort not to force his unchained psyche on his new team. "There are so many dominant personalities on the Celtics that no one man can overdominate," says Havlicek. "Charlie realized he would have to be the one to change, not us." The Boston veterans would accept no less.

Heinsohn and Auerbach have had nothing but kind words for their new star, even though Scott is well on his way to an unprecedented triple crown of fouling. He has the most personals, technicals and disqualifications in the NBA.

"It's his money," shrugs Heinsohn, a noted screamer who has been left at the gate in the technical-foul sweepstakes.

And Scott, part con and all charm, returns the kind words. "I've never been happier," he says. "Anyone who wants to win can adjust to anything. When a player dreams of being a pro, he dreams of being a Celtic."

That attitude undoubtedly helped Boston pad its lead in the East. Then came the All-Star break and with it the annual Celtic 'blahs.' When Boston left on its Western trip it had the same number of losses (14) as Golden State, putting the teams in a virtual tie in the race for the best regular-season record. Then the Celts lost three of four games. In a defeat at Houston, Cowens reinjured his hand by accommodating a burly fan who had made the mistake of a lifetime by taking a swipe at the redhead. Cowens punched the man's lights out. During a humiliating 124-99 loss at Seattle, an erratic White hit Cowens in the head with one pass and the center of the hanging scoreboard with another.

Only when they got to Los Angeles did the Celts look like themselves. Against the Lakers they broke fast and finished the same way. Cowens dominated Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, outscoring him 27-20 and outrebounding him 24-7, and Silas came out of a slump to contribute 19 points and 13 rebounds as Boston won 125-113. "We didn't beat a good team," said Cowens. "We need a druce to finish this trip."

White was asked if the Celtics were ready for Golden State. "You mean, are they ready for us?" he snapped. "The Warriors know that when we're on our game, they're in for some misery."

In Oakland there was plenty of that for both sides. Even in defeat the Celtics looked as though they had rediscovered what Heinsohn calls "a communion of spirit." Silas, the most eloquent of all animal rebounders, had defined that feeling earlier. "You don't dwell on the games you lose, but on how you lose them," he had said. "Last year the Warriors knew in their hearts and souls they could beat Washington, just as Washington knew it could beat us. We don't want anybody to feel that way again."

That is fuel for the Celtics' next meeting with Golden State, at Boston Garden this weekend. And that figures to be only one of many meetings between these teams before the summer solstice. **END**

# AT THE BIG LEAGUE PICNIC IT WAS CLINKERS TO ERRORS TO NOT A CHANCE



*Seaver puts some juice on his citrus ball.*



*Palmer gets set to throw his pitiful parabola.*



*Tom Tentrum in a fit over an outfield error.*

**I**t was major league baseball's first interoffice picnic, a day out for the boys during which some of the game's biggest stars forgot about the reserve clause and Bowie Kuhn and had a jolly time playing like a bunch of overweight accountants. Last Saturday's bash at Boca Raton, Fla. was officially called the CBS All-American Softball Game or the Johnnie Walker Cup—take your pick—but whatever its name, it was worthy as well as whimsical. The gate receipts (\$6,662) and publicity benefited the Sickle Cell Disease Foundation. "Among blacks this disease is the biggest killer of all," said Pirate Willie Stargell, a dedicated supporter of sickle cell research who, as manager of the National League squad, astutely used neither the book nor the hook.

Last season's Cy Young Award winners, Tom Seaver and Jim Palmer, pitched like a couple of guys from the purchasing department, serving up juicy grapefruits and missing the strike zone

with uncanny regularity. At first this did not make any difference, since such deft hitters as Rod Carew demonstrated no more bat control than a corporate VP. "All I've ever wanted to do is be in a game when Tom has only one pitch going for him," Stargell grumbled after seeing Seaver's citrus ball. "Now that's happened, and we're on the same side."

Lou Brock made a typically inept swing on Palmer's first parabolic pitch, then resorted to karate-style chops for the rest of the game. Brock's more perceptive colleagues, ever alert for a way to get ahead of the pitchers in the spring, quickly adopted his style and runs began to pour across.

Seaver blew a six-run lead, giving Stargell cause to do his best Danny Murtaugh imitation. He strolled to the mound to calm down Seaver, but to no avail as the American League rallied for a 9-7 win. "I would have given him the hook," Stargell said, "but then he would've been mad at me all season."

**END**



Showers were not going to ruin the picnic for Steve Garvey.



Greg was mobbed after he lumbered to a "leg" double.



Like many of the all-stars, Yezzi took mighty cuts, got mini-hits.

American League secret weapon, Cleveland's Rick Manning, knocked Brooks Robinson in and the National League out with the day's only homer.



# GUNNED DOWN BY THE WRONG KIWI

*With mile-record holder John Walker injured, Filbert Bayi assumed a sure winner at San Diego, but another New Zealander shot by him to victory*

by KENNY MOORE



Pistol raised, Walker triggers the start.

John Walker and Filbert Bayi regard each other with respect, great affection and awe. When they met in San Diego last weekend they reacted in a sense like lovers who had become estranged for reasons imperfectly understood. For despite their undeniable desire, they have not for a year been able to jointly savor the rhythm, the urgencies and momentary death of a race. They have tried. Walker, the mile world-record holder, helped plan a trip to his native New Zealand for Tanzania's Bayi, the 1,500-meter world-record holder. But a change in New Zealand's policy toward athletic competition with South Africa and the subsequent admission of a South African softball team to the world championships held in New Zealand so offend-

ed Tanzania that Bayi was kept home. Next they agreed to meet on neutral ground, or boards, indoors in the U.S. Then Walker, running his last race in New Zealand before the American rendezvous, a splendid 3:35.6 for 1,500 meters, a race which in better conditions would have approached Bayi's record of 3:32.2, strained already sore Achilles' tendons. On the advice of coach and doctor, Walker withdrew from his U.S. races. But he came to California anyway, to visit friends, to consider post-Olympic business options and to find Filbert Bayi.

They met in a San Diego coffee shop and ate dinner at the counter, looking at each other curiously, wondering if they might end this forced dance of avoidance before next summer. They are the two best milers in the world by such a margin that the next best two, Rod Dixon of New Zealand and Marty Lquori, are now preparing for the 5,000 meters in the Olympics instead of the 1,500. Yet Walker and Bayi are so evenly matched (their 3:49.4 and 3:32.2 records are virtually equal) that the prospect of a race tantalizes. Comparing pre-Olympic plans, they discovered they would not meet before Montreal.

They talked of their training, of their afflictions. Walker's tendons are balanced by Bayi's malaria, which had sent him sweating and voiceless to bed in Africa 10 days earlier. Bayi's coach for this trip, a gracious man named Erasto Zambini, formally apologized to Walker for the cancellation of the trip to New Zealand. "We know you have refused invitations to race in South Africa. We understand you are just one individual, a good man. I am sorry we couldn't go, but it is our stand. We couldn't."

"I know," said Walker softly.

"But we will come, someday, when the

politics are settled. Maybe not in your time. . . ."

Walker snorted, grinning, and said he would go to Tanzania after the Olympics. Later he allowed that the Games are not that far off, that Montreal would certainly be the appropriate setting for their long-awaited meeting. He was most interested in what he had learned of Bayi's training, of hard 11-mile runs every morning at 5 o'clock, of daily intervals on the track. He was relieved that it was so vigorous, so similar, in fact, to his own. "Nobody can run 3:32 without a bloody lot of training," he said with satisfaction, ridding himself of the myth of the African as inhumanly gifted, a running animal.

On a warm, roseate dawn, the morning of the—so help us, it's the name—Jack in the Box Indoor Games, Filbert Bayi, dressed in a full sweat suit with its hood tightly drawn about his narrow face and overwrapped with a rain suit, ran on the grassy waterfront of Harbor Island. His footfalls were silent. The only sounds were the burbling of cormorants on the bay, the rhythmic slither of his nylon parka. With each step, it seemed, he accelerated, soon floating over the grass at a pace of better than five minutes per mile. After 2½ miles he stopped and stretched, his perspiration about a dewy sheen across the bridge of his nose. Used to the 90° heat, 90% humidity of Dar es Salaam—even there he never runs shirtless—he shivers in California.

The run warmed him just enough to talk. "I have no plan for this race," he said. "I will just run." Told that Paul Cummings, a BYU graduate student who had done 3:57.6 in the Millrose Games, seemed his strongest opponent, Bayi turned to the sea, annoyed. "There are

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE LONG



many who run. It is foolish to single out one." A front runner—and Bayi is the best who ever lived—does not mull over contenders; he races the whole pack. Yet Bayi's front-running indoors differs from his slashing first laps outdoors. On boards he leads more to control than to kill. "The turns are sharp and it is hard to pass, and in the pack runners are thrown together," he said. "I run in front because I don't want any disturbances."

There are disturbances for any Tanzanian traveler to the U.S. In Dar es Salaam it took Bayi and Zambé and 5,000-meter runner Suleiman Nyambui a week of standing in lines to assemble visas, tickets, funds and permission to depart. "The government wants to make sure

you don't owe it any money before you leave the country," Zambé explained. So the coach and runners submitted to tax audits. Then there was a 36-hour succession of flights across the equator, the North Pole, and back down to California. "Filbert has a sore back," said Zambé, "and he has lost his appetite." Zambé, whose advice Bayi has put to good use in other races, as in 1973 when he first beat Kipchoge Keino with his now characteristic searing early pace, this time offered none. "I have never seen an indoor meet," he said. "Filbert knows more about this than I." Bayi, after a quick trip to buy \$100 worth of stereo albums, spent the day in bed.

Rod Dixon, Walker's compatriot and

the world's best 5,000 man last year, prepared for the San Diego mile in a way somewhat divergent from Bayi's, but vintage Dixon. "I got up at 10 and annoyed my wife by turning on the TV," he said the day of the race. "Well, you can't do that at home—have TV in the mornings. After breakfast I played those electronic pinball games, and then we went to the zoo all day. Before dinner I tried to take a run. It lasted seven minutes. The leg was hurting." The injury, a chronic one, strained two weeks earlier, is an unusual tendinitis deep in Dixon's left shin. "I've just been resting it, taking a holiday really. It's been a chance to take Debbie away. I haven't prepared. I'll just be running on my strength, I guess."

*continued*

*Moving outside for the kill, Rod Dixon prepares to bolt past Paul Cummings and a living Bayi, who as usual had led from the first lap.*



A friend appealed to his toughness, which is legendary, saying, "If you're confident, you can win."

Dixon looked at the man with forbearance. "If the pace is fast and I go into oxygen debt, I'll never get out," he said. "This happens to be what training is all about. If you haven't done it, you're a bit limited. I'll need a smooth pace, not too fast." Against Bayi he did not appear to expect such a blessing, so he stole several gulps of Walker's beer in the bar where they had a pre-race meal, dined on four prawns in horseradish, peppery Mexican soup and a screwdriver.

At the meet Dixon sat on a folding chair beside the raised lip of one banked turn. He watched as Frank Shorter won a furious two-mile in 8:27, sprinting wide

through the last turn, elbows flying, to hold off Nyambui. "What a bloody racing rat, that Shorter," Dixon said. "What other marathoner can step down and take the two-milers apart? Yes, I'm actually going to attempt the mile. You know, Walker's been made the starter. I told him to shoot Bayi."

Once instructed in the starter's art, Walker got the field away smoothly. Bayi, who had looked at Walker and his upraised gun with a mild, bemused gaze, took the lead with six powerful strides, then settled into a feathery gait, supremely in control. Walker stepped inside the track and, turning slowly on his heel as the 11-lap race revolved around him, involuntarily cried out the essential details.

"Super fit, Bayi. There's no extra movement in him. But Dixon looks smooth—for Dixon."

The 440 was passed in 60.6. Ken Popejoy of the University of Chicago Track Club held second ahead of Dixon. Cummings was boxed in the pack.

"Bayi is just suited to this kind of running, so balanced," Walker said, "I would have liked to be in there. I wouldn't make the same mistake I did last year and wait until the last lap. You can't get around Bayi then. I'd go with five laps."

The half was 2:02.1, a forgiving pace. Cummings freed himself and charged to Bayi's shoulder on the curve. Bayi held him off down the straight, flicking his tongue in and out like a snake, and eased again on the next curve. Twice more Cummings rushed, and each time Bayi surged, glancing constantly to the right, guarding his flank. Dixon, running third or fourth, ignored these bursts, regaining lost ground on the curves. The  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile was 3:00.9.

"Bayi doesn't look good," said Walker. "He looks a little desperate." Suddenly, with 1½ laps to go, Walker roared, "Yes! Yes!" as the lurking Dixon exploded past Bayi and Cummings, running wild, his expression one of demented glee. Down the last backstretch his arms dropped low, his stride turned rakish, clawing. Behind him Bayi clung, strain pulling apart his composure, his head bobbing with effort, but he could not gain. Walker leaped and shouted joyous obscenities as Dixon won by five yards in 3:56.8. Bayi's second-place time was 3:57.5. As Dixon slowed, he had to bear the shock of an orange-shirted assailant,

Walker, who hugged and dragged his fellow Kiwi around the curve, shouting, "He hasn't trained for a week! He hasn't put his track shoes on!"

When he could speak, Dixon asked for ice on his shin. "I expected Bayi to go by on the last lap," Dixon said. "I expected the whole bloody field to go." For a moment his eyes showed deep satisfaction. Then he slipped quickly to an acknowledgment of his luck. "The pace was ideal. It took me a wee while to settle in and relax, but it was never so hard that I got into oxygen debt. Then near the end I saw everybody having a go and thought, 'I'll have a go at it too.' " His devouring last quarter mile was 55.5. "It proves I'm a good miler indoors," the 6'2" Dixon said. "People kept telling me that I was too tall."

Under the stands Bayi, again wrapped in sweat suit and parka, was discovered in earnest conversation with Walker. "It was my first race since September, and I needed it, as you could see," he said. "It taught me how much more I have to train, how I have to concentrate."

Dwight Stones high-jumped in the calm after the mile, when he was finally able to concentrate. Then he rushed back to the hotel, to call his mother. "Hurry," he told a comely friend in his wake. "I've got to get to her before the 11 o'clock news." He dialed feverishly, omitting numbers. "This will be the first time in a long time that I've got to her before she learns it on. . . . I'm sorry, operator, I'll get it right. Hello, Mom? Bad news. . . . I did it again. Well, what else? A world record 7' 6½", a quarter inch higher than last night in New York, even though I'm exhausted, my eyes are ready to fall out. I'm ruined. I only beat the field by 6½". I could have done 7' 8". I didn't want to go to that. Why bother? . . ."

Down the hall Bayi was in his room dancing to the boogie on Channel 3. Zambis bounced in, still bubbling. "That was exciting! We should have come a week before and trained on the track, and we needed more rest, and I think the nails on Filbert's shoes were too long, but my goodness that was exciting."

"You all seem to be taking defeat very gracefully," said a visitor.

"I don't worry," Bayi said. "If you compete, sometimes you lose. We are brothers, athletes. The losing is not for Filbert only."

AND

Travel weary. Bayi shakes out the kinks.





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WELLS ARMSTRONG  
CHRISTIAN BROTHERS  
KENTLEY, CALIFORNIA





The day was hot up in Harlem, the kind of heat which, mixed with the social erosion and neglect there, makes you feel drab and beaten, on the edge of nowhere. Rocky had worked the whole night before, jumping in and out of cars, parking them, inhaling gas fumes until his stomach began to travel toward his head. On this afternoon in 1960 he was tired, so he parked his Mr. Softee truck, the one in which he hustled ice cream during the day, in the shade. A police car suddenly pulled up, and out came a cop with his ticket pad. "Double parking, eh?" the cop yelled to Rocky, the little Japanese who had become a familiar figure on the streets of Harlem because of his burr haircut and cauliflower ears. "I no double park," said Rocky, his eyes flashing. The ticket was handed to him, and Rocky tore it into small pieces.

Angered, the cop reached up and pulled Rocky out of the truck. Soon there were hundreds watching Rocky, the cop and finally his partner rolling in the street. They eventually put the cuffs on Rocky behind his back, and there before the crowd and the shocked eyes of the patrolmen the little man contorted his body in such a way that his cuffed hands were now in front of him. After a night in jail he was taken before a judge on a charge of resisting arrest but the case was dismissed.

Move ahead 14 years to the elegant El Morocco Club in Manhattan. The tiny Japanese sits across the backgammon table from champion player Oswald Jacoby. Rocky Aoki is wearing a close-fitting designer suit, and a shaggy haircut covers any traces of his misshapen ears. A \$12,000 star-sapphire ring beams like a small light from his right hand as he fingers his wispy mustache before shaking the cup for the final time. He seems out of place, the game being firmly rooted in old and sophisticated money, in a Palm Beach ambience and corroborating what Hemingway wrote: "The rich people were dull and they drank too much, or they played too much backgammon." The dice dance out, and Aoki wins the \$10,000 Seagram's Cup.

In his customary way, his political foot not far from his mouth, General Douglas MacArthur once described the Japanese as having the mentality of 12-year-olds. Until then the general's benevolent rule of post-

war Japan had been in high favor, so much so that his every deed, every appearance, was invested with celestial significance; the general's comment dropped him several notches from divinity. Ever since, according to Writer-Diplomat Ichiro Kawasaki, the Japanese have been badly put upon, even outdoing the Americans in being criticized around the world. The list of complaints is long: they are the biggest bores on the planet; they are forever grappling with an inferiority complex that nearly eats them up, they are physically unattractive; they can't stand to be far from Japan; and those who emigrate to America hoping to find their fortune seldom do.

High up in an office on New York's East Side, these thoughts pass vagrantly through the mind, and then are dismissed as one of those collective portraits of a people that are often unfair. An argument against the stereotype, Mr. Softee from Harlem, the David who slew the great Jacoby, sits on a leather couch, surrounded by tons of expensive Oriental art objects, by edifices of strange flora, by all the things stumpled upon or pursued because of the whim of a moment—and by a beat-up bass fiddle won from a music-shop owner over a backgammon table. This office—surely unique in high and free enterprise—on any day witnesses schemes and pitches and dreams fit for the Ripley portfolio, all the schemers and seekers seemingly trying to prove that indeed the twain shall meet. The West goes East here with a fever that not even the sometimes ice-water passivity of Rocky Aoki can cool.

Success attracts people in New York like monkeys to a banana tree, and Aoki, sleepy-eyed and as perpetually quirk of mind as he is of body, sits like a true capitalist astride his empire, the \$25 million Benihana restaurant chain. If he is a bore, nobody is saying so. If he is as unattractive as a gargoyle, nobody would whisper as much. And if he has problems with his id, why ren't that charming—a man that successful feeling so inferior? Rocky Aoki is the latest and one of the most indefatigable in a growing line of men who, having achieved distinction and money in business, turn to sports and games to satiate an obsessive urge to compete, to be somebody, thus supporting the long-held suspicion: making money is dull.

*continued*

## GETTING HIS FILL OF LIFE

Now fat on the profits of his restaurants, Rocky Aoki is gunning for the American offshore racing title, and relishing the danger and demands by **MARK KRAM**

*Always eager for action, Rocky laughs off the thousands of dollars he has lost at backgammon.*

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ROCKY *continued*

Aoki is the newest face on the offshore powerboat circuit, the ultimate sport for the new rich, a haven for the flush competitor. There is South American coffee money here, wealth from real estate, medicine, electrical fixtures, all of it adding up to an atmosphere colored by rum-on-the-island *laissez-faire*, by men in blue blazers and no socks; the people play hard here. Looking at the red eyes in the morning sunshing, one might believe it to be the most frivolous of pursuits, except that people get killed and battered. The entrance of the emperor of Japanese steak into this swirl of speed and high risk, his deadly intent to be a world champion in another year, has left some observers believing that MacArthur was right about the Japanese and their mental range: the thought of \$25 million in traction or bobbing on a wave is not pleasant to Aoki's sober associates. "Why can't he play chess?" says one of them. "Or stick to backgammon? Nobody ever falls off a chair and breaks his neck. He doesn't belong out there."

Aoki has been in two races since he joined the circuit last summer. He was not allowed to enter the \$25,000 Benihana Grand Prix—formerly the Hennessy Grand Prix—this past July, the event he sponsors at Point Pleasant, N.J. In the races that he did enter, he did extraordinarily well for a rookie. In his first start he won the Miami-to-Nassau race, setting a new speed record. After that, Aoki began to talk of competing on the world circuit, entering races in Argentina and Brazil, but the political situations in those countries caused him to change his mind. He was wary of being kidnapped; money, you see, does have its burdens.

Staying on the American circuit, Aoki and his 35-foot Cigarette ran into 10-foot waves—and his own inexperience—in the Key West race. The pounding by the seas left him with a severely bent hull and a two-hour tow back to shore. Through much of the winter his boat was in 14 pieces, while being repaired for a new and more concentrated run at the U.S. title. "I plan to race once a month," Aoki says. Perplexed employees, who know he is sound of mind, are wagering on what month Aoki, who is entered in the Marina del Rey race this weekend, will be broken into pieces. "I tell them no month," says Aoki. "I will be American champion. They may think I'm crazy, but I'm not. Racing makes me alive. Most people don't even know they're alive. I was

getting like that." Then, smiling: "It is also good advertising."

Aoki appears too toylake to be driving a sleek vessel over rough seas, to be holding onto the steering wheel of a berserk, violent machine. After a race his body speaks of the wear from the mismatch of boat against sea. He is unable to close his hands, he has bruises the size of pancakes and his muscles are as tight as a closed vise. "I hate speed," says Aoki. "It kill you quick. But I like feeling of gamble." He was not crazy about Japanese steak, either, and the result was a coast-to-coast chain of 27 restaurants.

So far his fear of speed has cost him close to \$200,000 as well as caused him a lot of irritation as he tries to grasp the subtleties of the sport. While the engine is a large part of success in powerboat racing, the driver and navigator are not incidental. Once several astronauts, men trained in the navigation of space, were taken on a powerboat course, and were quickly lost. The boat must pass certain buoys and stationary boats called checkpoints during the running of a 150-200-mile race; Aoki has missed some. "Tricky," he says. "Very tricky, the checkpoints. Make me very mad."

Experience will correct that fault, but only hard work, he thinks, will make him a better driver. He recently went through the Bondurant race car driving school in Sonoma, Calif., hoping it would improve his reflexes, and at least three times a week he can be found at the Clinic of Sports Medicine in Manhattan. There, along with pro football players and several New York Yankees, he curls himself up in intimidating contraptions, the weird Nautilus machines that are designed to increase strength and muscle tone; he resembles a fly crawling along the steel girders of a bridge. In his office he is constantly squeezing hard rubber balls to strengthen his hands as his mind bounces back and forth like a pachinko ball over business details. "I want to bring to powerboat racing what I did to my wrestling," he says. "My wrestling days were happiest of my life. Things much simpler then."

A note of wistfulness is evident. It is as if he would like again to be the fly-weight wrestler Japan sent to the 1960 Olympics or the champion who won titles for the New York Athletic Club in 1962, '63 and '64. Wrestling was his passion until he started to lay the ground-



work for his first restaurant. In 1964, by parking cars, washing dishes, peddling ice cream and borrowing, Aoki had scraped together \$30,000. "I made \$10,000 from the ice cream," he says. "Nobody wanted to go to Harlem to sell ice cream. I put little umbrellas on the ice cream. Nobody do that before."

He chose Benihana, which is a wildflower in Japan, as the name for his first restaurant. The place, which seated 28 people, was located on Manhattan's West Side. Working 18 hours a day, Aoki sold his customers on the notion of putting strangers at the same table, an idea that at first glance might seem as objectionable to Americans as a communal bath. The quaint little place, with its sordid chefs and their culinary show, lost money the first three months. "My friends say Americans won't sit down and eat with strangers, but I think different," he says. "Americans like to be entertained." Apparently so.

Throughout the late '60s the restaurants sprang up across the country. The food was much like the proprietor himself—Americanized. Aoki may have been raised in Tokyo, but he observes few Japanese traditions. "If I try to start Benihana, or other business in Japan," he says, "I never would have gotten off the ground. In Japan no one moves to top until someone dies off. Americans, they very aggressive, they put business ahead of family ties, ahead of friendship." Severing traditional ties to the homeland, Aoki believes, is the only way a Japanese can succeed. Toward that end he has immersed himself in American culture, ranging from slang to investing heavily—and unluckily—in the Broadway theater.

Broadway also satisfied his zest for gambling. Besides competition, action was the main purpose for all the hours he spent at backgammon tables. During the height of his passion, he opened a club called Genesis with a large, opulent backgammon room. His interest was stimulated by Prince Alexis Obolensky, the Russian soldier of fortune who is a confidant of those in *The Social Register* and the game's Pied Piper. Aoki began playing in various tournaments. He carried a portable board wherever he went, and he played at a large table next to his desk. The results were mixed. He won the Seagram's Cup and the World Intermediate Backgammon championship. But he lost \$850,000 on Club Genesis and at

least \$30,000 at backgammon tables last year. It was understandable that frequently he would receive calls at his office, the voice saying, "Rocky, do you want to come out and play a few games?"

Since then his interest in backgammon has tailed off. "Too much luck," he says. "Only 10% skill." He has returned to promoting, to making things happen. He had not staged an event since the Ali-Mac Foster fight in Tokyo in 1972. He is drawing up plans now for a "Dream Mile," which would bring together the top millers after the Olympics. Promoting is his forte, and it is well to remember it. Don King did not. Aoki wanted to put kick boxers on the card of the Ali-Frazier fight in Manila. King wanted Aoki to back it. "If I do that," Aoki said, somewhat astounded, "why I need you, then? I'm a promoter." For once King was silent.

Aoki is a hard sell in business, and his eyes, his voice, are always on top of his holdings. He sleeps only four or five hours a night, and he spends little time at his New Jersey estate, where the garages are filled with vintage Rolls-Royces and other touring cars. The estate reminds one of a Japanese watercolor, with its rock gardens and feathery trees. "I can't rest even there," he says.

"He's always been in competition with himself," says his mother, whom he brought to this country. "When he was in high school, he refused to participate in a relay race because he didn't want to share the glory."

Aoki laughs, but the truth is not lost on him. "Basically, I'm a lonely and unhappy person," he says. "I want to do so many things in life. Man never uses much of brain power. I want to compete until I lose my life." A public-relations man sitting next to him winces. But Rocky does not miss a beat, and continues: "They find man in some country, 127 years old. So little we know about mysteries of world. To me, life is a 100-yard dash with wall at end of it. You can't go through wall. Sports like boat racing give me happiness during race."

He gets up from the couch and goes to his desk, which is covered with papers. He says, waving a photograph, "I have new idea. Go to top of Mount Fuji and jump off on a hang glider with a Benihana flower on it. What you think?"

Was MacArthur right or wrong? Or, so much for the excitement of making a fortune.

END

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# PROVIDING LOCAL COLOR

*Saltwater aquariums are the rage and nowadays the sea's exotic designs are very much at home on land—in offices, split-levels and even in singles bars*

BY RICK TELANDER

**Y**ou might have been six, the day a molar was aching with portent. Too much ice cream or whatever, and a man in a white coat with hammers and drills was going to repay you for your sins. As you sat in the waiting room, you watched the fish in a tank next to the magazines and rubber plants. They fluttered silently, bubbles flanking them, rising, falling, tiny ovals of color swimming mindlessly, up, down, back, forth, soothingly, on and on. "Next," shouted the hygienist and you were yanked away to the dentist's chair, your last vision being of color-dotted silence, where teeth seemed to matter not at all. A dentist's office was a fine place to gain an appreciation of fish.

Aquariums have been popular since the Chinese domesticated carp. The Romans stocked ponds with exotics. Now with the advent of saltwater aquariums keeping rare fish is once more the craze. The advantages of fish over other pets are obvious: they need little space, don't have to be walked and die quietly. They even serve sophisticated purposes—in Florida club owners are using them to encourage conversation in singles bars.

Jet transportation, synthetic seawater (as easy to make as iced tea) and such

advanced support systems as filters and skimmers have made tropicals reasonable to maintain in places far from the ocean. Few people are satisfied with guppies and mollies after beholding the splendors of lemon peels, batfish and other saltwater exotics.

Joseph E. Turner Jr., a 39-year-old Miami fish collector and aquarium shop owner, is one whose business is thriving because saltwater tanks are in fashion. Turner made his first dives as a boy off Miami's South Beach, using window screens as a net. The specimens he brought up then he merely looked at, nobody being particularly interested in fish that wouldn't live in tap water.

"It's as natural for a kid in Miami to take to the water as it is for a kid in Ohio to play football," Turner says. "The ocean was my first love and remained a passion after I grew up and became a civil engineer. It seemed natural that one day I would design environments for fish."

Terming his creations "living furniture," Turner became a total process man, guiding his finds from sea to siting room. Or racetrack. In 1959 he was commissioned by Hialeah Park to build a \$75,000 aquarium. Since then he has built curved aquariums, table aquariums,

aquariums that resemble portholes in a sunken galleon. For a bachelor he built an aquarium with one-way glass to serve as a wall between a bedroom and the bar area. In the process of making suggestions about lighting and placement Turner frequently ends up designing an entire room down to carpet and woodwork.

"Fish are not your average pets," he says. "Well, I do have a client who had me build a tank around a 3½-year-old, foot-long oscar that was outgrowing its home. The thing actually comes up to be petted. But mostly fish belong to the realm of interior design."

Because no one has devised methods for successfully mass-breeding most marine tropicals, specimens must be caught, and therefore prices are high and the exotic quality enhanced. Turner encourages friends and clients who are fit enough to stock and replenish their own tanks. The feeding of tropicals is touchy, with synthetic or substitute food being the best one can provide. "You just can't give the fish what they eat on the reef every day," says Turner. Filled with an intricate balance of things, the ocean re-

*continued*

*Keeping species like the tomato clownfish is costly, but collectors prefer gaudy to guppy.*



## LOCAL COLOR *continued*



flame angelfish



royal gramma



cleaner shrimp



sembles a great bowl of stew, and you can no more expect to duplicate its complexity in a 30-gallon container than you can expect to get all 26 letters in a spoonful of alphabet soup.

"In the ocean there is a constant exchange of water," Turner says. "Even if you transfer water directly from the sea to your tank, the native organisms soon die and you are left with toxic wastes. There are parasites and fungi lying around that sometimes explode and wipe out an aquarium almost before your eyes. Synthetic water is free from bacteria because it is sterile, but it has no nutrients."

Filling a tank stocked with inverte-

brates (the organisms normally found on the ocean floor except fish) with fresh seawater gives a stunning example of the ocean's elixir. Within moments anemones wave about, crabs jig, tubeworms throb, algae glow. The environment absolutely blooms.

Prospective buyers at Joe's Exotic Aquaria, Inc. in Coconut Grove, Fla. ("aquaria" is the plural form professionals insist on; an aquarium owner is likewise an "aquarist") are as likely to find a locked door as a sales pitch. Turner may be out providing maintenance service on tanks, a function akin to serving as the family doctor. Entering office

buildings and homes totting a kit of drops, tubes and charts, he asks delicately if there have been any illnesses or deaths.

On a recent trip he was assured that everything was fine, except that one fish disappeared for long periods. Turner explained that it was a blackbird wrasse and that its natural behavior included burying itself in sand. "I have to continually reassure my clients," says Turner. "One customer started to dismantle his aquarium looking for a wrasse. And a lady once called, distraught—'There's a fish on my fish!' she said. It was just a neon goby, a fish that climbs on other ones to clean them of parasites."

*continued*

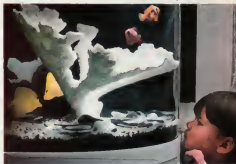


blueface angelfish

yellowtail blue



At the edge of her sea



anemonefish



A beginner has to spend about \$175 for an aquarium equipped with an air pump, a submersible filter, a heater, a protein skimmer and an ultraviolet sterilization unit. This does not include fish—another \$50 or twice-monthly maintenance of \$25. Add to this \$50 for fish replacement and the one-year total hovers near \$600, quite an outlay considering that with a mixing bowl, two glasses of water and a few goldfish you can have a freshwater aquarium. Turner's clients range from millionaires to people who he admits "should probably be buying clothes rather than more fish." The prices will continue to rise. Maintenance of holding stations. Turner has them in Hawaii, Taliti and Panama; it is increasing as it is get fare. Transporting fish long distances is risky, with 50% loss being common. Although most Atlantic reef fish fall in the \$2-\$15 range, a customer demanding a clown triggerfish from the Philippines must be willing to pay \$250. And marine tropicals are never guaranteed.

On the days that Exotic Aquaria, Inc. does not open at all, its owner-president can usually be found in the ocean. Though he can get stock cheaper from wholesalers, the pleasure of diving compensates for lower profit.

If the morning wind is low and the water clear, Turner and a friend, Neil Kellar, will slip out of the Dinner Key Marina in Coconut Grove and head east. On a recent morning Kellar's 17-foot boat left a wake like wrinkles in Saran wrap. Although some conservationists blast fish collectors for tampering with a fragile environment, collectors claim the principal danger to marine life is water pollution. "As for depletion from collecting, it's nothing," Turner says. "Sometimes I'll go to a coral head and take two butterflyfish, and every time I return there are two more because that's how many the coral head will support. Nature takes care of the excess."

Nevertheless, restrictions on collecting and shipping are increasing as environmentalists seek to protect reef species and avoid problems similar to those that have arisen when freshwater aquarium fish were released in local waters. Aquarium owners demand increasingly bizarre,

even dangerous, marine species. The electric eel is one of these, as is the deadly lionfish from the Indo-Pacific. Though frilly as a lace napkin, the lionfish has poison sacs at the base of each dorsal spine, and even slight contact with the fish can cause painful welts and nausea. The odds against two lionfish getting loose and reproducing in the Atlantic Ocean are astronomical but the chance does exist.

As Kellar aimed the boat between tiny Soldier's Key and Ragged Key, splashes of turquoise sponge beds and patch reefs began to dot the shallow bottom. Turner pointed to a small mound of debris. "There's an octopus in there," he said. "They love to pick beer cans over their front doors."

Moving on, the boat passed Key Biscayne. Standing on the bow, Turner suddenly shouted "Here," and the boat slid to a stop, pelicans on a nearby wreck groinking at the disturbance. The men donned wet suits and gloves, protection against contact with stinging coral, and slipped overboard. They returned with plastic bags filled with tree-shaped algae and rose-petal coral, food for the fish at the shop.

As the step-and-pick process continued out past the last point of land, the sea took on the character of a vast supermarket. "People cannot imagine the things down there," said Turner. Other techniques used by collectors include sonning, probing tidal pools and raising clumps of seaweed and shaking them for the proteogel sargassum lobes tucked inside. And despite man's intrusion, the ocean remains beautiful and bountiful. Kellar has caught as many as 25 high-bats in a single net stroke.

Having watched fish all his life, Turner knows a great deal about their behavior and their temperaments. When he plans someone's tank he must be, he says, "a fish sociologist. I can't put in too many bullies like queen angelfish. And each clownfish likes to have an anemone to hide in. Pacific clownfishes generally don't like Atlantic anemones. I have to decide whether to put in hermit crabs or coral shrimp to keep things clean. It's tough playing Mother Nature."

Anchoring the boat in 25 feet of water above an azure clearing in the turtle grass, Turner dived once more, his hammer, wire probe, knife, nets and bottle of quinaldine and vodka (a homemade tranquilizer used on fish that "hole up")

strapped to his waist. The water was the color of mountain skies with sunlight streaming through like shafts of rain. A spotted eagle ray moved slowly across the white floor raising eddies of sand. A wedge of horse-eye jacks streamed past, eyes bugged in perpetual terror. Schools of 1-inch grunts flinged. A barracuda drifted in the distance.

Turner located a picnic-cooler-sized ball of brain coral and settled next to it. The coral resembled an apartment building, tiny beigeaggregates and melon fish peering from fissures, arrow crabs clambering over the walls, angelfish crowding the penthouse, crawfish and urchins pecking from the basement. Using various nets and prods, Joe took what he wanted. The residents would not leave, sometimes nipping at his fingers with small head-sized mouths. The fish flickered like flames in the holding bucket.

When Turner has a pallette full he dives up the specimens among his projects, using an artist's eye and a naturalist's savvy. Recently he prepared a bizarre arrangement for a Miami bar, which shakes at night with the music of rock bands. He used only tough species. "Loud music, go-go girls and flashing lights are not exactly the perfect environment for fish," he says.

But captured fish go where they are wanted—queens once wore them in earrings. "An aquarium provides constant movement, a slide show without disturbing anyone," says the operator of one Miami club. "It is also an icebreaker. Instead of saying, 'Hi, my name's Jack,' a young man can say to a girl, 'Isn't that a beautiful tank?'"

Perhaps it is sad that when saltwater fish are taken from the ocean they begin to shine less and less. With colors fading they become perishables on display. "I don't tell people this but really it's just a matter of time," says Turner. "Usually less than six months." On the other hand, life in a predator-filled, increasingly polluted ocean is not always a blessing. There is something about marine tropicads that makes them seem almost willing to be exploited. Might their colors—chartruses, ambers, indigos, oranges—have been meant, in some small way, to be utilized by man, to soothe, to entertain, to hypnotize, to cheer up this so often tormented race? After all, a fish can do worse than make someone's visit to the dentist's office a less frightening affair.

ENO

Joe Turner surfaces with his quarry.

Among the species frequently found in tanks are lipstick tang (left, top), blueface trigger (left, below) and the Teira batfish.

## A smile on the face of the Tiger

It was put there by Willie Smith, who keeps Missouri's team purring



WILLIE HAS THE WHOLE STATE JUMPING

Every time it looks as if Missouri will yield to the inevitable and lose its lead in the Big Eight race, Willie Smith makes a twisting layup or a fall-away jumper. The Tigers, picked to finish third in the conference before the season, still have three games to go and may yet fall apart, but Smith, the player nobody wanted, starring at a school where few people care, seems determined to prevent a collapse. Willie, you are fooling with Mother Nature, and that's not nice.

Last week, while second-place Kansas State was zipping through Nebraska and Kansas with little difficulty, the shaky Tigers were edging the Jayhawks 61-60 and beating the Cornhuskers 95-84 in overtime. The two nonlosses raised Missouri's record to 22-3 and maintained its one-game lead over the fast-closing Wildcats, who play the Tigers at home next week. All portents seem to favor Kansas State, but Smith, a slender 6'2" left-handed senior guard, favors the Tigers. And so far that has been sufficient.

When Smith beat Kansas on Wednesday with a last-second tip-in it was his second winning basket in eight days, following similar heroics in a victory over Oklahoma State. His free throw with 1.03 remaining sent Saturday's Nebraska game into overtime and he finished with 31 points. Play like this has aroused hopes for Missouri's first conference title in 36 years. Almost 12,000 fans turned out for the Cornhusker game, twice the normal crowd.

Smith's 24.4-point average makes him the leading scorer in the conference and the only player in Missouri history to exceed 20 points a game in his career. While the Tigers were breaking a school record with their 22nd victory against Nebraska, Smith was surpassing the school's single-season scoring mark of 604, which he set last year.

A wide variety of skills should make him Missouri's third first-round draft choice in the past four years, succeeding John Brown (Atlanta) and Al Eberhard (Detroit). Smith is a solemn performer with a nice change-of-pace dribble and a soft, sweet jump shot. He also rebounds, plays good defense and looks for the open man, virtues not often seen in a high-scoring guard.

But then, Smith has not always been a high scorer. He attracted little major-league attention after averaging 14 points a game at Seminole (Okla.) Junior College two years ago. Coach Norm Stew-

art brought him to Missouri to provide ball handling, playmaking and defense.

There is a trace of bitterness in Smith's voice as he speaks of his rejection by other schools. "When Nevada, Las Vegas in my own hometown didn't recruit me," he says, "I wrote to the coach at San Francisco. They were in the same league then, and I wanted to show Las Vegas it had made a mistake. But then I didn't hear from San Francisco. I was glad to get a chance to come to Missouri so I could play against Oklahoma and Oklahoma State. I played junior-college ball in that state, but they weren't interested in me, either."

Despite his reputation as a clutch performer, Smith says he does not enjoy playing in a close game, "but I want to take the last shot, because I'd rather flub it than make somebody else do it." Earlier in the year last-second heroics were not needed from anyone. Until they lost at home to Kansas State on Feb. 4, the Tigers had dominated the league, beginning with their victory in the Big Eight's preseason tournament, their fourth in five years. One of the teams Missouri beat was K-State. If the Tigers are to win, it appears they now will have to find a way to defeat KSU in Manhattan, something they have not done since 1966. If the Wildcats won to tie up the race, they would receive the automatic NCAA tournament berth because of their two wins over Missouri.

Smith feels the pressure is on Kansas State, not Missouri. "We're ahead," he says. "They have to beat us. It should be interesting." It should. After the Wildcats defeated Kansas 69-54 last Saturday K-State students unfurled a banner that read *WINNING ON MIZZOURI*, and Guard Mike Evans said, "My head is kind of concentrating on Missouri."

When the time comes, he had best concentrate on Willie Smith.

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## THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

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**WEST** It was not the loss that was the shocker so much as the score or, in UCLA's case, the paucity of it. Here were the mighty Bruins, at home in Pauley Pavilion where they had not lost since 1976, and by halftime they had managed only 14 points—two touchdowns, two extra points. Oregon led 30-14, continued its tough defense in the second half and won 65-45.

*continued*



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emphatically ending the Bruins' 98-game winning streak at home.

During pregame warmups UCLA exuded the sort of confidence coaches feel is the forerunner to victory, soaring above the basket to drop in "legal" dunks and bringing the ball around behind their backs before laying it off the glass. When the game began, though, the Bruins collapsed. They missed 21 of 27 shots in the first half, while Oregon used a deliberate offense that led to open shots and ate up the clock. The second half was mostly more of the same. "It was not unexpected," said cocky and jubilant Coach Dick Harter. "We're a better basketball team than UCLA." Greg Ballard led Oregon with 16 points and forced Richard Washington's first six shots to go astray. The Bruins still lead the conference by one game over Washington, Oregon State and first-charging Oregon, but with all three of UCLA's remaining games on the road, the chances are that pregame warmups will no longer include hunks.

In other Pacific Eight skirmishes Oregon nudged USC 70-67, Oregon State bopped the Trojans 87-61 and UCLA beat State 78-69. Washington won twice, downing Stanford 80-59 as Clarence Ramsey flipped in 36 points and California 95-75 behind Lars Hansen's 34.

Utah outdid Brigham Young in almost every category, having the edge in rebounding (39-34), assists (24-16) and forcing turnovers (20-11). But the Cougars outshot the Utes .625 to .456 and knocked them from first place in the Western AC 84-83. Taking a half-game lead was Arizona, which beat New Mexico 67-65 in overtime and Texas-El Paso 64-45. Arizona controlled the tap at the start of the extra period against the Lobos, refused to shoot for almost the entire five minutes and kept the winning basket—the only two points scored in overtime—from Gilbert Miles.

Halo College, a small liberal arts school 270 miles southeast of Honolulu, hoped to make a name for itself by upsetting visiting Nevada, Las Vegas. The Vulcans scored 111 points against the Rebels. Not bad. Not close, however, as UNLV laid it on, scoring 164 to surpass the NCAA mark of 158 achieved by Houston in 1968. The total of 275 points (nearly seven a minute) was another single-game high. UNLV took 122 shots, made 73 and heurled its starters madly way through the second half. Two days later the University of Hawaii scored 99 points against UNLV. Again not enough: the Rebels had 114.

Fullerton State (6-2) took over first place in the Pacific Coast AA, handing preseason favorite San Diego State its fifth straight loss, 71-61, while Long Beach State (5-3) lost 71-62 at San Jose State.

1. UNLV (28-1) 2. UCLA (26-4)

**EAST** Hey, Charlie Brown. You think your Lucy is tough. Well, don't try to go one on one with Lusia (pronounced Lucy) Harris of Delta (Mass.) State, whose 47 points and 19 rebounds in 34 minutes helped the Lady Statesmen wallop Queens College 81-58, upping their record to 23-0 and their winning streak to 51, a women's collegiate mark. Harris, a 6'3" junior averaging 33.2 points and 15.7 rebounds, sank 19 of 31 shots. Her 47 points were the most scored at Madison Square Garden this season by anyone, male or female, amateur or pro.

Lacking such a dominant player, North Carolina relied on Phil Ford and Mitch Kupchak. Ford canned two free throws in the last seven seconds as Carolina won 77-75 at Miami of Ohio. Kupchak rebounded a missed shot and scored at the final buzzer as the Tar Heels beat Virginia 73-71. That gave Carolina a two-game bulge in the Atlantic Coast Conference over North Carolina State, which edged Duke 96-95 in overtime and then lost 103-90 to Clemson. Maryland held off Georgetown 72-63, but then was upended by ACC foe Duke 69-67 when Terry Chitt sank two foul shots in the closing seconds.

Rutgers Coach Tom Young wanted his team to slow down. Instead, his Scarlet Knights erred, spluttered and stumbled. They did win, though, beating Syracuse 93-80 and American U. 94-79. But the Knights showed Young more slow-down than he wanted before rallying from a 49-48 deficit against Syracuse and before finally increasing their meager two-point lead over American by scoring 17 of 18 times they had the ball during a second-half spurt.

Touring Notre Dame got 77 points from Adrian Dantley as it trampled Butler 92-79, Fordham 91-78 and South Carolina 90-83. Disgruntled by its team's losing ways, Fordham fired its coach, Hal Wissel. But there was joy in Massachusetts as the Minutemen took charge of the Yankee Conference by throttling Vermont 91-82 and bumping off Rhode Island 84-76.

Princeton whipped Dartmouth 74-51 and Harvard 69-48 to retain its Ivy League lead. St. John's (20-3) beat Seton Hall 68-63 and Syracuse 100-78. And St. Bonaventure stunned Providence 78-77.

1. RUTGERS (22-9) 2. N. CAROLINA (22-3) 1

**MIDWEST** "There are days when the rim becomes a teacup and days when it's a rain barrel. Today it was a rain barrel." So said Marquette Coach Al McGuire after a 72-62 win at Louisville in which Earl Tatum rained in 23 points. When Tulsa played at Louisville, nothing would rain in for the home team. An apparent last-second, game-winning tip-in by Tulsa was nullified by the referees.

Given a reprieve, the highly favored Cardinals pulled out a 98-90 overtime verdict.

Three-time winner Texas A&M clinched at least a tie for first in the Southwest Conference. The Aggies won 94-80 at Houston as Wally Swanson and Steve Jones connected for 39 points. A&M (13-2) then blitzed TCU 111-70 and, with Sonny Parker tossing in 26 points, nipped Arkansas 70-69. Mike Russell and Rick Bullock combined for 45 points and 33 rebounds as Texas Tech (12-3) drubbed Baylor 87-76. Teah also outshouted SMU 107-101, Bullock getting 27 points to become the SWC's all-time top scorer with 1,935.

Wichita State (8-1) beat Deakie 95-78 to cling to its Missouri Valley lead. Southern Illinois (8-2) stopped Bradley 63-61 and Drake 83-70, while West Texas State (6-2) downed North Texas State 96-87.

1. MISSOURI (22-3) 2. CINCINNATI (10-4)

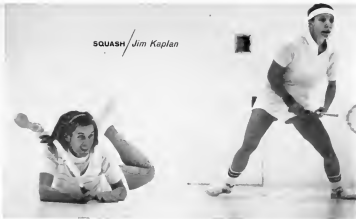
**MIDEAST** Alabama Center Leon Douglas, who in recent weeks has suffered a bruised eye, cheek and elbow, likened the on-court infighting to war. "I thought there were snipers out there the way elbows were flying past my head,"

Douglas said after the Tide beat Mississippi 78-70 and Mississippi State 65-61. Douglas did some sniping himself, rattling the basket for 57 points, and latched onto 31 rebounds. He was at his best when he rallied Alabama from nine points back late in the State game, the 10th time the Tide has won after trailing in the second half. Alabama's efforts pushed it a game ahead of Tennessee in the Southeastern Conference. The Volunteers were shocked 73-72 by Auburn, whose Eddie Johnson sent the game into overtime with a 15-foot jumper with six seconds left and won it on three foul shots in the last 10 seconds. Tennessee then docked Mississippi 105-81.

For the third and fourth times in five outings Indiana traded at halftime, 39-35 at Purdue and 39-38 against Minnesota. But the Hoosiers came back to stop the Boilermakers 74-71 as Scott May scored 20 points in the second half. Indiana's Tom Abernethy hurt Minnesota with 22 points, but what may have impaired the Gophers' upset hopes most was that Ray Williams, who scored 16 points in the first half, twisted an ankle and got just two more thereafter.

Two surprises were registered by DePaul: 73-65 over Virginia Tech and 70-60 over Cincinnati. The Cincinnati game featured a matchup of potent centers, DePaul's 6'11" Dave Corzine (28 points, 12 rebounds) and Cincy's 6'10" Bob Miller (22 points, 22 rebounds). Earlier, Cincinnati beat Xavier 81-74 and DePaul lost at Marquette 64-53. The Warriors also downed Tulane 75-63.

1. INDIANA (23-0) 2. MARQUETTE (22-1)



Down but far from out, Gretchen Spruance righted herself to beat Barbara Maltby and win the U.S. women's title in Philadelphia, where the talk was of the game's word-of-mouth explosion

## *For the many, if not the masses*

Squash, that sport of elitists, is going public. Out of the private clubs and into the beer halls. The proletariat is invading the boardroom. How do you know? All you had to do was listen at the U.S. Nationals last week, where such talk was flying about as thick and fast as the green balls on the University of Pennsylvania's Ringe Courts. There was just one problem: it wasn't quite accurate. Squash may not be as exclusive as fox hunting anymore, but it isn't played by dead-end kids, either. The tournament was dominated by Ivies and observed by a mink-coated, tasseled-shoed crowd.

No, it was not social trends that made the Nationals interesting, but a far better advertisement for the game: good squash.

The most interesting match was the women's final between Gretchen Spruance of Wilmington and Philadelphia's own Barbara Maltby. This was only fitting, since the women had finally gotten a sponsor (Bancroft) and equal billing with the men. Hardly a shock in 1976, but long overdue.

Spruance, 28, won the tournament in 1973 and 1974 before taking last year off to have a baby. Coming from the first family of women's squash—her sister Nina Vosters Meyer and her mother

Bunny Vosters were national singles and doubles champions, respectively—she began reclaiming what almost seemed rightfully hers when she eliminated defending champion Ginny Akabane in the semifinals. "I've been playing serious singles for about five years," said Spruance, who sells plants to retail stores more as a part-time hobby than a job. "I try to play at least once a day. It's a neat, fun game."

As an undergraduate, Maltby, 27, was voted the best woman athlete at Penn, but did not take up squash until later, when she was working at the Penn medical labs to send her husband Lew through law school. Then Lew became a criminal lawyer and Barbara became a squash junkie. She describes her regimen thus: "I practice by myself for an hour, play men twice a day for about an hour and a half each and do exercises for about 45 minutes. The whole thing takes five or six hours a day. I love it."

Well-coached Maltby has classical strokes; uncoached Spruance has tennis strokes, including a near-replica of the Francoise Durr backhand. "A pro once looked at my strokes and said, 'Forget them, play the game,'" said Spruance. She plays the game by using her reach (she is 5'10") and hitting an excellent vol-

ley and the best placements in women's squash.

"Gretchen is an extremely good competitor," said another player before the final match. "She likes to play fast. Barbara should slow the game down. Gretchen will say 'nice shot' and then run off 10 points, just the way Tilden did. She's aloof from the other players. No one really knows her. She only goes to the tournaments in her backyard, except for the Nationals. By most standards, you've got to pick Barbara, but she's top-seeded, lost in the finals last year and has more to lose now because she has so totally committed herself to squash."

Sure enough, in the first game a tense Maltby banged her hand against the wall in frustration. Spruance, who laughs at her mistakes, said "nice shot" and ran off the last eight points to win 15-8. Maltby led 9-1 in the second game and barely hung on to win 15-13. She blew a 6-1 lead in the third game, and lost 15-9.

The Maltby-Spruance style are totally incompatible, creating some bumping and much strain, and the fourth game was a replay of an earlier meeting this year which Maltby won 3-2 amid collisions and complaints. This time there were 12 "lets," which are called by the referee when one player impedes another.

er, and a crash that left Malby with a welt under her left eye. Malby slowed down the pace and Spruance asked petulantly, "How much time does she get, just out of curiosity?" Malby lost a 14-10 lead in the fourth game and it went into a two-out-of-three overtime at 14-all. After two lets at 15-all, Spruance had a chance for a match-point putaway. She aimed too low and hit the tin to lose the point and the game 17-16. The gallery of some 250 applauded, Malby let out her breath and Spruance looked up at her mother and smiled wanly.

But as so often happens in this game of intense concentration, a player who struggles to keep a match even can't maintain the pace. Spruance's shotmaking was almost flawless as she ran off the fifth, deciding game 15-6. "She felt the pressure less than Barbara," was the expert commentary from three-time finalist Goldie Edwards. "Gretchen was able to delay her shots, going frontwall-sidewall instead of down the line. You can't be two places at once."

The amateur-only men's division list lacked the continent's two best players, North American Open champion Sharif Khan and squash's most arresting figure, that intriguing blend of Adam Smith and Bobby Fischer known as Victor Niederhoffer. But the absence of Niederhoffer, who turned pro last year after winning his fifth national, merely created another interesting final—between Wall Street businessmen John Reese and Peter Briggs.

At 33, the lanky Reese hoped to make this his last and happiest hurrah. Once top-ranked nationally, he was forced to sit out two years when a hip joint began deteriorating in 1972. Now, to win his first national title, the former Penn captain and Junior Davis Cupper had to beat a 24-year-old *Wunderkind* in Briggs, twice the intercollegiate champ at Harvard. "If this goes five games, I'm in trouble," said Reese. It went three. Briggs, who had not lost a game in the tournament, wasn't about to start losing in the finals. He hit one behind-the-back shot, another one through Reese's legs, even scored aces on bullet serves, a rarity in squash, and won 15-11, 15-7, 17-15. Now he is off to Pakistan and England for tournaments and may turn pro next year. If that happens, Reese will get another chance. Meanwhile, squash has an attractive new men's champion who is almost as outspoken as he is talented.

"Squash has to have more open tournaments," said Briggs. "People say the pros would dominate open tournaments but there are 10 to 15 players who can beat each other on a given day."

If the men's and women's finals were entertaining, the other divisions—veterans (40 and over), seniors (50 and over) and five-man team play—made the case for participation. The enthusiastic team competition, won by Mexico, provided a tournament model for non-championship players.

The country's first public all-squash facility opened outside Philadelphia in 1973. There are now four such structures with more planned, but this scarcely compares to the numerous municipal courts in England and Australia. So don't expect American squash, which is played by more than 400,000 people, to vault past tennis overnight, even though squash is easier to play and provides more exercise in less time. Aside from economics, the real hurdle could be racketball, an even easier game involving little strategy and much sweat and swearing. In the few cities such as Milwaukee and Detroit where Western-oriented racketball and Eastern-bred squash compete, racketball has the upper hand.

Nonetheless, the game is growing. An inevitable increase in open tournaments, television time and publicity will help. Paul Monaghan Jr., the sport's Master Builder, has designed a portable court with three glass walls that can be set up in minutes for exhibitions. Some players don't like the way the ball skims off glass, but as Monaghan notes, probably with prescience, "They'll play with orange balls if there's money involved."

The U.S. Squash Racquets Association now has a full-time executive director in Darwin P. Kingsley III. A former private-school administrator with a flair for plaid and a feel for people, Kingsley is setting forth on a three-week Western trek, ending with the national doubles in Denver March 19-21, to spread the gospel.

"People talk about a squash explosion," says Briggs. "The real explosion is word-of-mouth. Look at the Fifth Avenue Racquet Club in New York. It opened two years ago with no publicity. Now there are 3,000 members. Word gets around."

The word from Philadelphia is that squash can be a game for the many, if not the masses.

END

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Then along comes Antero Katainen, a 32-year-old Teddy bear of a research engineer from Helsinki, and he puts a sail on the stern of his dinghy—behind the stern, in fact—and before the experts can tell him it won't work he demonstrates that it will.

Obviously Katainen cannot be a true-blue sailor; otherwise he would have shown more respect for the proper order of things. It turns out that he has owned only one sailboat and that was 10 years ago. It was a nondescript lake sailer that had been home-built by its previous owner. Though it failed to spark Katainen's interest in sailing as a sport, it did start him thinking about sailing as a science.

While at 228 pounds Katainen has the build of a rugby forward, he is, in fact, an intellectual. Inside that large and friendly head, upholstered top and bottom by deep-pile, red-golden hair, is a probing, scientifically trained brain that is employed nine to five in a government research agency. Katainen began to rethink sailing from the beginning. He was soon covering pages with vectors and equations. He theorized a new kind of sailer with a swinging

must linked directly to a swinging keel. The engineer in Katainen recognized the assortment of practical difficulties in putting all this machinery through the middle of a boat.

One summer holiday four years ago, pottering about his favorite Lake Piijanen near his birthplace, Jyväskylä, 160 miles north of Helsinki, he had his great idea, one of those blindingly simple brain waves that come so rarely. Why not put the rig and the keel and all the mechanism of sailing behind the boat, like an outboard motor? (Katainen had worked on the Finnish Tehri outboards.) If the keel were beneath the sail, the balance could be maintained.

Katainen had paved the way for his rig but the more he thought about it the more he realized that the "clamp-it-on-the-stern" idea had other very practical benefits. The whole thing could be made in one unit. It could convert any rowboat into a sailboat, whether or not it was fitted with a centerboard. The keel and rudder could be combined in one.

So he shelved his bigger ideas and concentrated on developing his outboard sail. Today, though he still works for the government, he spends much time with Meka-Tuote Oy, a small company in which he has 45% of the shares and which was founded to manufacture outboard sails. So far, 700 have been made, patents have been taken out in most major boating countries and businessmen are clamoring for franchises.

Since the Helsinki weather was 20° below zero last month, Katainen flew south with his outboard sail to Cowes on the Isle of Wight so that it could be tried out for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. The kit was well within the airline baggage allowance, comprising two parcels totaling 26 pounds, one containing the spars and sail, the other the bracket, centerboard-cum-rudder and tiller unit.

We rounded up three typically British dinghies for the test, although unfortunately none met Katainen's full approval. It seems that Finland abounds with light and slim rowing skiffs about 14 feet long, whereas in England dinghies have been getting fatter and shorter to fit ever smaller yachts.

Dinghy One was nicely shaped with a

continued



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#### BOATING *continued*

pointed stem, eight feet long, cold-molded in plywood in Coves by the famous firm of Souther's. Having adjusted the mast to rake forward (for short boats forward rake is necessary; for medium, vertical; and for long or high craft an aft rake may be required for proper balance), Katainen was soon aloft and in the 10-knot northerly achieved speeds at least comparable with those of an eager oarsman. He had no trouble beating upwind; however, not being able to make better than 65 degrees to the wind, his zigzags were about the same as a smart tea clipper's.

When I took the boat I managed well enough, though I couldn't get the bang of tacking and needed to use an oar.

The next morning the wind was round to the south and freshening and the tide was faster, too. By now I had mastered the tacking technique, which is to throw over the helm at least 90 degrees. Then as soon as the bow is through the wind, you pay the sheet right out so that you fall off to a beam reach before attempting to gain speed again. With the extra breeze the boat was bowling along merrily, though I felt the hull windage was a hindrance and the tide made it difficult to win more than a few yards upwind. We gave up when the wooden transom began to creak ominously. The stresses of the outboard sail are the exact reverse of an outboard motor's. Meka-Tuote Oy supplies reinforcing kits for suspect transoms. Katainen points out that they should have sufficient strength to carry a five-hp outboard.

Next we tried an eight-foot, tunnel-hulled plastic bathtub made by Tabur of France. I thought this sailed better than the Souther boat and the transom certainly took the strain better. The wind was now gusting to 20 knots, but small lateral movements of the helmsman's body were enough to keep an even keel.

Finally we clamped the device on the outboard bracket of an Avon Redstart inflatable, a minnow of a boat by any standards. After much pipistem sucking, Katainen declined the chance of drowning in British waters, so I borrowed his life vest and ventured forth, thinking, as I went, that at 33 pounds hull and 26 pounds rig, this was the smallest craft I had ever sailed.

I skidded and splashed hither and yon in a wind that in the last few hours had become a full-fledged gale. The sail

*continued*

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### BOATING continued

pressure pushed the outboard bracket into the neoprene air chamber like a head on a pillow so that the rig leaned one way and the "rearboard," as Katainen calls the rudder-cum-keel, the other. This increased leeway; nonetheless, the little inflatable had become a sailboat.

So what is one to make of this novel rig? The first thing to say is that in terms of sailing efficiency and response the outboard sail when applied to a humble rowboat cannot compare with a proper sailing dinghy. Antero Katainen readily admits this; after all, his sail is the same as the one on the standard Optimist dinghy, the tiny boxlike boat that has taught thousands to sail before they can spell. There are so many of these multicolored 3.5-square-meter (38-square-foot) sails about that waterfronts from Florida to the Baltic now look like herbaceous borders. These sails are low and squat, rigged with a barge's sprit, and are far from being the last word in aerodynamics. Katainen sees his device as an alternative, nonpolluting power source to oars and small motors, a quick and easy way of turning just about any old boat into a capable passagemaker under sail. It seems bound to become a big hit with the water-nut kids who infest moorings, marinas and boat-littered beaches. You could pack it along with your rods to bring extra fun and pleasure to trolling. You could equip your yacht's tender with one to bring fun to the chore of going ashore for groceries. The outboard sail might become an integral part of the fully equipped family's holiday kit, along with snorkels and rubber flippers.

There are also more distant possibilities. Motorcruisers could have larger outboard sails to get them home after a breakdown, and long-distance yachts might carry them as part of their safety gear.

At present Katainen produces only the standard 38-square-foot model. It is beautifully engineered, with light alloy castings, proper Terylene sail, alloy spars, plywood board and plastic fittings that should last for years. It sells in Finland, before taxes, for 970 Finnish marks (\$250). A smaller, 27-square-foot version is planned, which should cost only one-third the price of the standard model.

It may not be too long before Katainen's squat little sail, set in entirely the wrong place, becomes a familiar part of the holiday waterscape.

END

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## The road to independence

**This is the summer to freewheel across America and sleep under star-spangled skies. Bkcentennial is putting people on the right track**

In 1970 four students who in due course were to become Lys and Dan Burden and June and Greg Siple decided to ride bicycles the length of the Americas. Calling their project Hemistour, they started from Anchorage, Alaska in June 1972. Six months and 6,000 miles later they were rolling toward the village of Chocolate, Mexico when Dan Burden experienced a eureka flash: Wouldn't it be splendid if, as part of America's 200th anniversary festivities, people could pedal across the U.S. on a designated bike trail? That night the tourers discussed the notion and the next morning, while saddling up, June Siple, on whose hike was mounted the group's only odometer, looked at the instrument and saw that it read 1776. "After that I knew there had to be something like Bkcentennial," says Burden.

The vision of Chocolate has become a reality. Working out of a rehabilitated hotel in Missoula, Mont., Burden and 27 enthusiasts have plotted a transcontinental bike trail stretching from Astoria, Ore. to Yorktown, Va. and are complet-

ing the necessary logistics to support the 10,000 bikers who are expected to pedal the route this spring and summer. Like many of its anniversary counterparts, Bkcentennial has little connection with 1776, since bikes, macadam roads and Missoula did not exist 200 years ago. But the enterprise promises to be one of the more imaginative and refreshing Bicentennial bashes.

Shortly after leaving Chocolate, Dan Burden was laid low by hepatitis, and he returned with Lys to Missoula, where he had been a student at the University of Montana. (June and Greg Siple continued with Hemistour, reaching Tierra del Fuego after 18,000 miles and 32 months of pedaling.) For a year and a half Bkcentennial was headquartered largely in the apartment and imaginations of the Burdens. During 1974 and early 1975 other believers began to appear. A grant was received from the Bicentennial Commission. The first of 4,000 supporters began to sign up and send in \$10 membership fees (to P.O. Box 1034, Dept. T.A., Missoula, Mont. 59801). Datsun

and Raleigh, the bicycle manufacturer, contributed money and services to get the project started. "It was odd to find that foreign businessmen were much more interested than American ones in promoting bike touring in this country," Burden says.

Public transportation and land use agencies became involved in the scheme, most notably the U.S. Forest Service, which has adopted Bkcentennial as a Bicentennial project. The transcontinental bike trail passes through 25 national forests. In every one the service will provide "non-motorized" camping facilities, available at 50¢ per person per day, for the bikers.

Putting together a good hike (trail was the crucial aspect of the project, and it was mapped largely by a process of elimination. "Desert had to be avoided," Burden says. "Because of the sun, heat and lack of water, it is intolerable to bike through. In the West we knew the trail had to run as far north as Oregon so avoid riding through a lot of desert. Long stretches of very similar country, say 1,000 miles of cornfield, are boring and discouraging when you are riding a bike, so we had to stay clear of too much prairie and plains country. I finally we wanted to keep away from urban areas and heavy traffic."

With this in mind the Bkcentennial planners roughed out a suitable corridor. It leads across Oregon, over the Cascades and through Idaho to Missoula, then jogs south, passing Yellowstone Park. In Colorado it turns east again, crossing Kansas, skirting the Ozarks in Missouri, dipping through southern Illinois and Kentucky before penetrating the Appalachians (the most difficult section) and then descending into the Virginia tidewater.

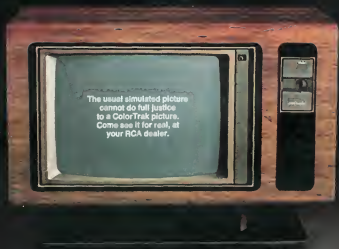
Once the general route was agreed on, experienced cyclists, hike clubs and local highway departments were contacted and asked if they would recommend specific rural roads that could be designated and marked as links in the great bike trail. Californians Jan Richardson and Linda Thorpe, who had been drawn to hiking and eventually the Bkcentennial through weight watching, volunteered to ride the entire trail on a tandem to test the route. That done, the trail was fixed. It extends for 4,250 miles, of which about 100 miles is gravel. At a moderate pace (50 to 75 miles a day) and allowing for



A 4,250-mile route has been plotted to avoid any, or all, of the five segments of the trail from Coast Cascades to Appalachian Piedmont.

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eight rest days, it should take a cyclist 82 days to cross the country.

Besides establishing the trail, the Bikecentennial staff has made a variety of arrangements to aid cyclists. Scattered along the route, never more than a day's pump apart, will be campgrounds and Bike Inns. The Bike Inns are not plush: high school gymnasiums, community centers, college dormitories and firehalls offering a roof, a bed, but no bedding, and a shower. In addition, residents along the trail are being hired by Bikecentennial as liaison personnel. They will be ready to assist cyclists who may have troubles or questions.

Bikecentennial offers a variety of plans. Full service is provided only in two areas and costs \$17.50 per day. It is for bikers who desire Bikecentennial to pick up their luggage each morning and deposit it at the next Bike Inn. The standard Bike Inn plan (\$965 for 82 days) includes lodging, three meals a day, accident insurance up to \$500,000, a guidebook and the services of leaders and liaison people. The camping tour (\$685 cross-country) calls for sleeping outside but all other services are included. Cyclists also may sign up as independents and proceed without a leader or group and with only minimum support services. The fee is \$75—the biker gets a guide book, insurance and an identification card entitling him to use Bikecentennial facilities on a pay-as-you-go, first-come first-serve basis. Under any of these plans, cyclists may ride the entire route or, at a lesser fee, any combination of the five trail sections—Coast Cascade, Colorado Rockies and Great Plains, Ozarks, Blue Grass and Appalachian Piedmont. Groups may only be joined and left at the beginnings and ends of sections.

"We have had letters from experienced bike tourers who say they can make the trip across the continent for \$400 or less," Burden says. "Maybe they can. We hope they can. That is why we are encouraging people to sign up as independents. But we think that a lot of people will be doing their first extensive touring as part of Bikecentennial. They are going to be exerting more energy than they are accustomed to and will need nutritious meals, a comfortable place to sleep and some support from leaders. We just haven't been able to find a way to do it for less than \$10 a day."

continued



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Whatever else it may be, Bikecentennial is a ferociously nonprofit corporation, not a rip-off. Just about all of the fees will go to pay for services bikers use and for the complex planning that has already been done. Bikecentennial employees, including Burden (who has not been paid back \$2,500 of his own money that he sank into the project in the early days) are paid just \$250 a month. The one exception is Ed Volk, the editor of the excellent guidebook, which is a cross between an Appalachian Trail Hiking Guide and an AAA Trip Ticket. He took a 60% salary cut when he resigned from his job as a State Department editor to join Bikecentennial.

A further indication of the organizers' dedication is that the Missoula headquarters (the hotel renovation was a do-it-yourself project) is cluttered with bikes. "Only one of us here can afford a car," says Burden. "This place runs on fervor and not much else."

The first Bikecentennial tour groups

will set off in mid-May from both ends of the trail and many intermediate points, and they will be leaving daily from then until Aug. 23. So far close to 2,000 cyclists have signed up, and the hot spot at the Missoula headquarters is the planning center, which looks something like a Pacific war games room. The objective is to schedule the groups to avoid congestion in campgrounds and at Bike Inns and to arrange for more or less congenial parties. A Bikecentennial rule of thumb: the first seven members of a group are assigned randomly while the next three are added selectively to achieve a sex-age-ability mix. Each biker must have a physical examination, and submit a doctor's report, before his reservation is confirmed.

As of last week inquiries about Bikecentennial were coming into Missoula at the rate of 1,500 a week and the concern now is not having too few pedalers but too many. "We are estimating 10,000 cyclists," says Burden, "and we might be

able to handle 18,000, but if we got that many we would have to close down registration. More than that would overwhelm our facilities."

As Bikecentennial approaches, there is an air of sadness among the Missoula troops. "We've begun to realize," says Burden, "that in a few months a lot of people are going to be riding bikes across the country, while we will be sitting here answering telephones and struggling with their problems. That is the irony of Bikecentennial."

"I suppose it sounds pretentious but we think bike touring is a great pleasure and should be a much more important part of our transportation system. We know—because it happened to all of us—that these people are going to be changed by a summer of touring. They are going to have a different outlook on travel, have a different feeling about this country. I guess we are true believers. We think that we are doing something good."

END

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its big flavor can taste harsh towards the  
end of the day



## Reason #2:

The low 'tar' cigarette  
When it filters out rough taste, it can leave  
you with no taste

## You've run the gamut.

## You're ready for the Third Cigarette. Lark.

We back up our full, rich tobacco flavor with a selective filter  
(probably the most expensive filter in the world). It selectively  
reduces many of the things that can make smoke rough-tasting.  
And delivers only pure pleasure, all day  
long. Chances are the Third Cigarette is  
the one you can stay with.

King Size & Extra Long

# THE THIRD CIGARETTE



**Tastes rich but not rough.  
Tastes smooth but not weak.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King: 18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, Extra Long: 19 mg.  
"tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Report (Nov. '75).





# His Time Has Come

Presenting:  
the possum.

Once  
he  
wowed  
Ferdinand  
and  
Isabella.

But America  
wearied  
of him, and  
soon

he was  
on the road  
to ruin,  
smote

by slander,  
smashed  
by cars.

But  
possums

in  
Alabama  
no longer  
lie low

*Alan E. Cober*

CONTINUED

## by Roy Blount Jr.

that a possum will fold the white part of its ear down in the winter to hold in the heat and stick it up in the summer to catch the sun. I don't know whether that is true or not, but I didn't need to know in order to judge possums. I gave this one a full five points on "Ears." Next, "Feet and Tail."

There I was, at the annual PGBA International Possum Show at the Clifton County Fair, which takes place outside Clanton, Ala., which is near Thorsby and Jemison and between Montgomery and Birmingham. I was down on my hands and knees in the pine shavings, on the floor of the livestock show building, trying to get a good view of a domesticated possum's feet. It was hard. This possum, nice as its ears were, was showing bad character.

(Note: Throughout this account, except where sources outside the PGBA are quoted directly, the animal will be referred to as a possum, not an opossum. "The 'o' in 'possum' is invisible," says Basil Clark. "Like the 'p' in 'swimming.'")

"General Character, Size and Balance" counts for 25 of the 100 points a possum can ideally score. "Feet and Tail" is 15. A possum—and this is something not everyone realizes—has an opposable thumb on its hind foot, as a monkey does on its paw. A possum also has 21 fingerprints—one for each of its toes and one for the tip of its tail. I didn't need to check this possum's prints, but I did need to get a good look at his feet in order to judge him properly. And his character was already down around 18 in my book because he kept scrabbling in the shavings trying to get away (his handler had him by the tail) and his feet stayed covered and moving. The assumption is that a possum that won't hold still for judging is showing bad character, though his balance may be fine.

I wasn't sure what a good-looking possum foot looked like anyway. I did know how the tail ought to look—clean. A possum's tail looks bad enough without being scruffy and stained; a conscientious possum owner will not only shampoo his possum's fur before a show, but will also take some kind of strong cleanser to its tail. The night before, Dr. Kent Johns, a leading owner in Clanton, had come to the back door of his house dangling a bubbly possum (shampoo was still foaming on it) by the tail and asked his wife

for some Bon Ami. "Nobody uses Bon Ami anymore," she said. She gave him some Comet.

"What should I look for in his feet?" I asked the man next to me on the floor.

"Well," he said, holding up one of the feet of the possum of the moment, "that's a good one there. See, shaped like that."

I realized I had just consulted the possum's handler, Jack Carline, who was biased. I put down 11 points for "Feet and Tail" and went on to "Head and Jaws."

When I first heard of the PGBA show I had no idea I would someday be a judge in it—or, for that matter, that my friend Joan Ackermann, out of Cambridge, Mass., would be named Miss Possum International. It was last May that I saw a story in the Nashville *Tennessean*, under the headline "EAT MORE POSSUM" NO JOKING MATTER TO SOME.

Well, I had seen EAT MORE POSSUM bumper stickers and tags around the country, and as a boy I had often come upon a possum stretched out unconscious or dead on the sidewalk, and I knew that a possum had gotten into my mother's air conditioner in the middle of a recent Saturday night in Georgia. He made a noise like a burglar putting an aluminum ladder up against the side of the house, she said. Unless the burglar was out to steal the TV antenna, that would have been an odd tactic, since my mother lives in a one-story house, but you never can tell in the middle of Saturday night, and my mother was disconcerted. She had to call a policeman to coax the possum out. "I went off to teach Sunday school the next morning just knowing I was going to say 'possum' instead of 'Matthew' or 'Mark,'" she said.

So I had a natural interest in possums, and when I saw that headline in the *Tennessean*, the white parts of my ears pricked up. The story told how Basil Clark and Dr. Johns and some others down around Clanton were developing the notion that possums were animals whose time had come.

The story, by Wayne King, said that the PGBA had some 40,000 members, about 100 of them actual growers and breeders, and the rest, including former President Nixon, just people who were interested enough in possums to want an official bumper tag that said not only EAT MORE POSSUM but also MEMBER, PGBA.

**T**his possum's got *pretty* ears," said fellow judge Louis Moore, and I agreed. Just a gut reaction. That is what you go by, mostly, on show possums, though to be sure, the Beauregard, the world's most perfectly developed possum, was sitting up there on the stage for purposes of comparison. "You can just tell a good possum," says Basil Clark, president of the Possum Growers & Breeders Association of America, Inc.

In a person show Clark would win best-of-breed by default: "There isn't but one Basil," says his wife Charlotte. He has a Coldstream Guards mustache, a bald head, a portbelly and, usually, a doleful expression. He wears a cowboy hat, snakeskin boots and a hand-tooled belt buckle with his name and a pair of possums on it. He says, "I was the only one who flunked sub-college English at Western Carolina College, but I am the only one from that class who ever got paid for saying anything." Talks on the possum is what he gets paid for. He says



The story disclosed that "A registered possum is a better possum" was another slogan of the association, and quoted Clark as saying, "Nothing is sweeter [whether in terms of disposition or taste was left ambiguous] than a peach-fed possum."

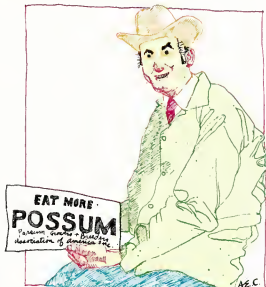
There was also a quote from Curtis V. Smith, another owner and breeder and a member of the Alabama legislature: "We're just at the beginning of this thing. If it opens up as a supply of protein, it could be very valuable." Smith and Clark were said to envision possums as the answer to the world food problem. "You can communicate with people with the possum," said Smith. "You give them something to believe in. You give them something to eat."

I wanted to know more. I dialed Clanton information, called Clark and asked him when the next possum show was. In the fall, he said. That gave me plenty of time for research. I didn't want to go into this thing cold. I noticed, though, that Clark wasn't falling all over himself in response to my query. "There . . . uh, really is a show, isn't there?" I asked.

There followed the quality of pause that might follow if one were to call up Bowie Kuhn and ask him whether there really was going to be a World Series. Then Clark said, "Oh, yeah."

I soon learned, if I hadn't known already, that not everyone holds possums in much esteem. When I asked a friend of mine who is an authority on animals whether he would be surprised to find that there was such a thing as a possum fancier, he said no. He said, "Anybody is fancier than a possum." Some of the things that supposedly scientific, objective men say about possums are even more slighting. In a reference volume entitled *The Animal Kingdom*, Frederick Drimmer, editor in chief, there appears a drawing of an irritable-looking animal sitting on a stump. This is the caption: UGLY, STUPID, AND ADDICTED TO FAINTING SPELLS.

"The common or Virginia opossum is considered unattractive, unlovable, and stupid. The familiar expression 'playing possum' comes from this animal's peculiar habit of falling into a coma when it is suddenly exposed to danger. It is one of the very few marsupials living outside the Australian region. Other opossums dwell in South America." Other Nazis do, too.



"Strange as it may seem," the book goes on condescendingly, "the American opossum was the first of the marsupials encountered by western civilization. It was discovered by the Spanish explorer Pimón in 1500. In fact, it was presented at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, where it created quite a sensation.

"Knowing the opossum for the humble creature it is, we find it hard to understand the amazement it produced among the early Spaniards. They described this new kind of animal as a frightful beast with a face like a fox, the tail of a monkey, ears like a bat and human hands. Below, on the belly, they said, it has a second belly hanging down like a great sack or pouch in which the animal carries its young. To them it was 'the incredible mother.' " And they didn't even know what kind of noise it could make in an air conditioner.

A more sympathetic portrait is contained in *The World of the Opossum* by James F. Keefe. Even Keefe says that the

possum "isn't an especially handsome animal": "is so lethargic . . . that it is sometimes hard to judge its reactions"; has a brain case that holds only 21 beans, compared to 150 for a raccoon; and is not "very outstanding as a predator," being satisfied as a rule to prey upon persimmons, stink bugs, carrion or just about anything living that either doesn't move or doesn't resist much. A possum does not make much of a pet, Keefe holds. He notes that Dr. Charles H. Townsend kept one for a while but concluded that "waiting for an opossum to do something interesting was . . . a matter of more time than I had to spare."

Furthermore, Keefe confirms that "playing possum" is not a stratagem but a swoon: "The animal can no more stop the involuntary action than a sensitive plant can withhold the folding of its leaves." When I was a boy and we found a possum stretched out on the sidewalk we would say loudly, "Well, I guess this possum's dead. Might as well leave him

continued

alone," and hide behind a bush to wait for him to get up again, but it appeared we could never fool him. In some cases, of course, the possum might actually have been dead. Once, as we were waiting for one to revive, a sanitation truck came along and picked him up. Now I know that a "feigning" possum is no wili-er, or is even less wily, than a Victorian lady in need of smelling salts.

It must be conceded, however, that a possum's faint is effective, since most predators lose interest in prey when it goes rigid. A possum in its trance will not respond though its toes be twisted severely, its whiskers pulled or even its eyeballs touched. A dog will generally give a passed-out possum a toss or two, perhaps bunting it up some (captured possums are often found to have broken ribs), and then pass on to an edible that either struggles or is in a dish.

Keeffe grants the possum a number of entirely good qualities. It hears and smells keenly and does not smell bad—no worse than faintly musky. It is a good swimmer. It is likely to hang by its tail only when someone poses it that way for a photograph, but it can use its tail for such purposes as gathering leaves for oosting. It is clean and spends a great deal of its time licking and grooming its fur. It appreciates simple, harmless pleasures—there is a great picture in Keeffe's book of a possum wading placidly. The caption says, *OPOSSUMS SEEM TO ENJOY JUST AMBLING AROUND IN SHALLOW WATER*. The possum also has deceptive speed. That is not to say it is fast, but then neither does Catfish Hunter have dazzling velocity.

The greatest testament to the possum is that it has survived since before the Ice Age and spread itself wider and wider, in spite of the many natural enemies before which it falls prostrate. The possum is beset by parasites, insecticides (even though it is an insecticide itself), foxes, bobcats, owls, man and Chevrolets. The first Frenchman over to meet a possum—La Salle in 1679—killed it with a stick. Then he killed the second one he met. He hung them both from his belt and walked back to camp. They appear, pendant, in the painting *La Salle at the Portage* by Arthur Thomas, now hanging in the courthouse of St. Joseph County, Ind. I like to think that after La Salle went to bed that night the possums came to and walked off with his belt—prefer-

ably pants and all—but about this possibility history is mute.

At any rate, in the last 50 years or so, while brainier species have been crowded into tighter and tighter enclaves or even threatened with extinction, the primitive American possum has waxed in number and extended its territory from the South well up into New England, over into the Southwest, most of the Midwest and (because someone saw fit to transport a cadre to California) all up and down the West Coast. "This indicates success in meeting life's problems," notes Keeffe.

One reason the possum has flourished is its adaptability to a wide range of climates, terrains, food sources and other animals' burrows. It doesn't seem at home in snow but can contend with it (a man in southern Massachusetts reports he sees possums shuffling over ice and

snow "like little old ladies in ratty fur coats"), though sometimes the white car tips freeze and fall off. It can live alongside man much better than most wild animals, sometimes even finding its way into people's homes. A San Franciscan I know came upon a possum on his apartment terrace late one night when he had been drinking. "Shocked," he says, is not too strong a word to describe his immediate reaction. The possum, for its part, acted as if it had been drinking and was seeing something awful. The human visited by a possum may gasp or scream, the possum may faint or take on the air of a shanghai victim, but still he remains to be dealt with.

And if the possum is a female she may have nine or 10 young ones on her back. The possum's forte—one reason, I had read, why the PG&A envisions it as a



prime source of protein for the world's hungry—is its quaintly managed productivity. Annually two litters, each of up to 11 living embryos, frogged and so small that 20 could fit into a teaspoon, leave the sow possum's womb, crawl hand over hand to her pouch, grow to the size of kittens, spend some time clinging here and there to her fur as she makes her rounds and then set out on their own.

Ferdinand and Isabella's court, then, had reason to be impressed by the possum. When you consider that in 1555 the Englishman Richard Eden described the possum as a "monstrous beaste with a snowe lyke a foxe, a tayle lyke a marmasette, eares lyke a batte, handes lyke a man, and feete lyke an ape"; that Captain John Smith once wrote, "An Opusum hath an head like a Swine, and a tayle like a Rat, and is of the bygnes of a Cat"; that Basil Clark has been quoted as saying that the possum, for all its non-aggressiveness, has a bite like an alligator; that Clark has furthermore called the possum an evolutionary link one step up from the duck-billed platypus, between cold-blooded, egg-laying reptiles and higher warm-blooded, live-bearing mammals; that Walt Kelly's cuter-than-natural but culturally important Pogo's motto was "*Cogito ergo possum*"; and that "Yes I can" might be translated into Latin as "*Ho Possum*"—when all these things are considered, it is a wonder that possums lately are so often taken for granted. I was moved to write the following:

Take a rat, a cat, an alligator,  
platypus and cross 'em,  
And the thing that comes to blossom,  
A combination awesome,  
Which would fill up the Colosseum  
With its breeding, is the possum.

As fall approached I called Basil Clark again. "When is the show going to be?" I asked.

"Oct. 13," he said.

"I'm supposed to be in my ex-brother-in-law Johnny's wedding in Bryan, Texas that day," I told him. Perhaps I assumed, in the arrogance of one who represents a national medium, that something like a possum show could be rescheduled for my convenience.

"Well . . ." said Clark.

"Are there going to be any other shows, other days?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "there might be some local ones. But this is the international one."

"Oh," I said. "Where will the possums be coming from?"

There was a pause, during which Clark seemed to be trying to think of some polite way to suggest that I must not know what "international" meant.

"Everywhere," he said.

I had to miss my ex-brother-in-law Johnny's wedding.

The first possum my friend Joan Ackermann of Cambridge ever saw, she ate part of. I had by then spoken not only with Clark but also with Dr. Johns, Congressman Smith and another owner named Don McAfee, who had offered to provide a possum dinner the night before the show. As many possums as I had seen, I had never tasted one, so when Joan and I arrived in Clanton and walked into the back room of Barron's Restaurant, it was with fresh perspectives. There on the table, surrounded by sweet potatoes, was a fresh possum. It was a former show possum of McAfee's that had lost a part of its tail somehow and thus become available for baking.

Since that night I have often been asked what possum tastes like. The question is vexing. It is as difficult to put a taste into words as it would be to manufacture ice cream the flavor of, say, a *New York Times* editorial. I was gravely disappointed by a book that was written by a man who had lived among cannibals and shared their customs, because it didn't describe the taste of person, but probably no description would have sufficed. A man I know who ate dog in Vietnam told me what that tasted like: "Stringy, like pork, and strong, like beef." I was not satisfied. Flannery O'Connor once spoke with a man who had eaten owl. "What did it taste like?" she asked. "Bout like crow," he told her.

Let me begin by saying, then, what this baked possum looked like. A baked cat. I suppose you could say it looked like many another baked small animal, but when I saw it I thought, "That looks like a baked cat."

There were two tables, set up in the shape of a "T" as for a modest banquet. Joan and I sat at the head table, whose remaining seat was empty, reserved for Basil Clark. At the other table were seated

a small party of Clanton citizens. I didn't think they would serve a representative of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* baked cat. Smith and Dr. Johns had been unable to come, and Clark was late in arriving, but McAfee was there, a well-dressed real-estate man of agreeable mien, and the three or four other PG&A members on hand seemed like nice folks.

So I assumed it was possum. Perhaps this was enough to explain why our hosts seemed to be holding back, as if waiting for some possibly untoward reaction. Perhaps other out-of-town guests had tasted possum in such a setting and bolted from the room. I noticed that McAfee ordered steak.

I had researched the question of possum's palatability and found it stated by the pseudonymous Nate Shaw, a redoubtable black tenant farmer who lived not too far from Clanton and whose life story appears in Theodore Rosen's *All God's Dangers*. Said Shaw:

"Some folks say, 'I won't eat a possum.' But when you cook a possum right, they're good; real meat, tasty enough for anybody to like em. The only reason people won't eat a possum is the idea of a possum—don't want to have nethin to do with em. Just don't tell em what it is and cook it; they'll beat you eatin it. You can't hardly find a person but what he loves hog meat. Practically the best part of the nation—if he don't eat every part of a hog, there's a part about the hog that he likes. Ain't no difference in a hog and a possum when it comes to the meat. A hog's a thing that'll catch snakes and eat em. And if there's a dead mule or a dead cow drag out into the woods like people used to do with em, a hog will go there and eat until he nearly falls out. A possum will too."

Other estimably edible animals that eat questionable stuff themselves are the lobster and the chicken. And I am not a picky eater anyway, especially when I am sampling something proposed for the world's hungry. Maybe possum would be a little gamy. I was game. Why then did I feel uneasy?

I don't want to sound like an alarmist, but sometimes a situation seems to me just slightly unsteady enough that I begin to anticipate an ontological shift. In this case I began to wonder whether there was such a person as Basil Clark. Maybe the possum would rise up, begin to dance and become him, or Clark,

*continued*

when he appeared, would be the Almighty or somebody and tell me, "You have been living a dream. In the real world, possums are Life." And then the possum would dance. You never know, on the road, what you are getting into.

Then Clark arrived. He was wearing his hat, boots, mustache and possum belt. He was of less-than-medium height and stooped. Answers to several of my questions had been deferred until his arrival. Oh, McAfee had been forthcoming enough. In a regrettable lapse of dinner-table taste, especially in light of what was on the table, I had mentioned that my research had suggested that possums picked up a lot of parasites. "Oh, chiggers and ticks," McAfee had said. "They're not parasites, they're natives." He had also conceded that the best possum dogs were failed coon dogs. But several other times he had said, "Better wait for Basil to give you the story on that."

Now Basil trudged across the room amid expectant silence and took his seat next to me. He sat there hunched and gave me a sidelong look. Then he looked away again. "I attended Western Carolina College where I was served a diet of green eggs and dried bologna," he said, "and it stunted my growth."

With that, McAfee began to carve the possum, which Mrs. Billie Strickland had parboiled for half an hour and then baked while baking it with the sweet potatoes. The possum carved easily. "This is not the little old black possum that roams the wood," said McAfee. "This is a registered possum."

"A registered possum is a better possum," said Clark. "Put that first, and everything else falls into place." My notes for the talk that ensued, as we ate, do not fall into place as neatly as I could wish, but the following will give you an idea:

"I have a documented statement that possum is the most powerful aphrodisiac known to man," said Clark. "Every time I butcher one, that must get on me and the girls nearly run me crazy. Like to get attacked right in the post office." Everybody laughed at this except Basil. I was to conclude later that the things Basil really brightened up about were things that were not only astonishing but also true. He broke into an unabashed chorle as he said:

"Other day there was a long-distance call at the post office—'Who knows Bas-

il Clark?' They handed the phone out the window to me. It was a doctor at the University of Ohio; wants to come down and contract possums. Do embryological research on 'em. And psychological. Been using possums in the space program. The valves in their hearts are like a squirrel-cage fan." As I was trying to think what a squirrel-cage fan was, he shifted to a graver, more philosophical tone.

"Possums are the last piece of free enterprise that's left—the government don't know anything about possums. But it'll come. People take cotton allotments, we'll get possum allotments. A hundred active possum growers, we're a minority. The government finds out about a new minority, it's like an itch, got to scratch it. Then Congress finds out people are growing possums, they'll pass a bill not to grow 'em. Give us an allotment. Retire us with a government check coming in every month."

Clark talked fast. I didn't know exactly how to get a journalistic grip on what he was saying, but I felt it would help if I could pin it all down to some specific verifiable program. "With Curtis Smith in the legislature," I asked, "are you going to try to get laws passed on possums here in the state?"

McAfee responded to that. He said, "Curtis is going to introduce a bill to prosecute possum rustlers. You know, these rustlers haul 'em off in trucks and they fall out and get run over by cars. See 'em all over the highway. Basil says it's the biggest loss we face."

"Back in the '30s," Clark said soberly, "I predicted the world would be knee-deep in possums by 1952. What happened? Automobiles."

"The fat in possum," he went on more lightly, "is polyunsaturated—clean your arteries like a Roto-Rooter. There's a husband-and-wife team working on that right now. A possum cools himself in the winter like an automobile—pumps his blood into the tail and licks it and the blood flows back into him cooled." Clark smiled with what I took to be pride in the possum's homely ingenuity. To rig up a radiator out of a tongue and a tail! It was the kind of thing a man who grew up without a great many material resources could identify with.

Still, I felt I needed a bit more background on the PGBA. Pressed for it, Clark said, "Got to kicking this thing around in 1968. Incorporated in 1971. It

just come time to register a possum. Had a lawyer said we couldn't do it. I said, 'They register horses, don't they?' I said, 'They register cats and dogs.' I said, 'We done put a man on the moon, you mean to tell me we can't register a possum?' Got another lawyer."

"We got to get the eagle off the national emblem and put the possum up there where it belongs. There's many a person in the United States that between '29 and '48 would've starved to death if it hadn't been for the possum. Had a dog named Katy—me and old Katy, Uncle Billy, Uncle Buck and Uncle James would go out, and when six or eight other people were chasing the same possum, that's how you could tell that times was hard."

One more point of interest: "You got to know when to breed a possum. You've seen a possum dead in the road, grinning like he knows something nobody else knows? When that grin turns to a smile, it's time to breed."

About then it was time to adjourn. I was beginning to see that you had to go with the flow of this possum thing—that you can indeed communicate with people about the possum, but it takes some getting into. I had, myself, begun to feel basically at home with these folks when I took my second big helping of possum. Possum was sort of like dark meat of chicken, only stronger-tasting and looser on the bone, and stringy, like pork.

Still I felt the need to nail a few facts down. I went with Clark to the Clinton Drive-In Theatre, which he manages and which he lives next to in a mobile home. The trucks and cages and things around the mobile home constitute the Big C Possum Ranch.

Clark got out a big floppy briefcase full of PGBA materials and opened it up on the counter next to the popcorn machine. The amount of change going on in the world was amazing, he said. "There's a bigger generation gap between me and my son Frank than between me and Jesus Christ. Animals are dying out. People can't afford to devote two acres per animal to raising cattle. Ten years from now, when you see a cow and a calf, it's going to be in the zoo. When you eat animal protein, it's going to be possum." He produced a letter from Samuel Taylor, Food for Peace Officer, U.S. Agency for International Development, Mission to El Salvador, which said in part:

*continued*

**For the man who does everything.**

**BUICK LeSABRE.** Hmmmm. What to do today. A round of golf? Perhaps some dirt biking with the boys. Or tennis with the wife. Maybe a family canoe trip. Or clean out the garage. Ugh.

Decisions are never easy. Particularly ones regarding fun. But it sure is good to know there's an automobile out there that's every bit as multi-talented as your lifestyle is multi-faceted. Its name is Buck LaSabe.

For openers, LeSabre is a genuine, honest-to-goodness six-passenger automobile. So if you do opt for a round of golf, you don't have to drive alone—the rest of your foursome, bags, buddies and all, can come along, too.

Then again, let's say you get the urge to take the boys fishing up north. You'll find that everything from your trolling motor to your trick inflatable bass boat will stow handily in LeSabre's capacious trunk. And once enroute, LeSabre gives you standard niceties like power steering, power

brakes and automatic transmission to make the miles pass quickly. (After all, it is a Buick, you know.)

Of course a fellow with hobbies to support does have to watch expenses. In which case you'll appreciate the fact that LeSabre comes with a V-6 engine. And that makes it the only full-sized six-passenger car in the whole, wide world to be so endowed. A rather special distinction.

Come on now LeSabre's a good time just going somewhere to happen. Better make sure you and your family are aboard. See your Buick dealer.



**BUICK** Dedicated to the Free Spirit  
in just about everyone.

Sorry, V-6 Buck LeSabres are not available in California.



"Here in El Salvador . . . possums are considered a delicacy among the rural populace. At the same time, the prevalence of protein/caloric malnutrition is estimated at over 70% in the age group under five years of age.

"Many people," the letter went on, "still think I am joking when I try to sell the idea that possums could be an added source of protein for many rural families. What I need to get for more acceptance of the idea is scientific data. Could you send me . . ."

I felt bad about certain doubts that had persisted in my mind about the PGBA. Then Clark showed a picture of himself, several possums and a class of school children. "Possums are educational," he said. Then he added, "I've had people in the association, who've gone right along with me, say, 'Basil, I believe you're serious with this thing.'" He shook his head. "I say, 'You believe I'm serious?' You know vision is what separates men from the animals. I studied to be a doctor. I could always see things other people couldn't see, even in a microscope. But I couldn't pass English. If I had, I'd be a doctor, the worst thing I coulda done. Doctors ain't got time to do anything."

He pulled out pictures of himself, a pretty girl in a fancy gown, a fat and bouffant possum and a number of politicians in the chamber of the Georgia House of Representatives. "They was reappointing the districts that day," he said. "You know how important that is to politicians. Well, they was all voting with one hand and petting the possum with the other. Every one of 'em had to come have his picture taken with the possum."

He gave me an EAT MORE POSSUM tag, a certificate for my den wall and a PGBA wallet identification card. To join, he said, I had to declare two things:

"One, that you either own property, or rent property, or have an idea where you can get some.

"Two, that you can raise a possum full-grown without eating him up."

I so declared. "We've had a lot of humor with this thing," he observed. "We had to, to get it across."

Haile Selassie had been a member, he said. There were about 51,000 members of the PGBA, the great majority of whom had paid \$5 each. (I suspect that Selassie's and Nixon's memberships, like my own, were honorary.) This seemed like

a lot of money, but it wasn't all profit, and it had been spread out over five years and a few people, and Mrs. Clark had expensive medical problems, and the Clarks did have several automobiles parked outside the trailer, but not all of them would start, and their dog, General Sherman, was bad about chewing up things, so nobody was getting fat off the PGBA. "People say I'm doing it for the money, or for the trips with the Possum Queen," Basil said. "The hardest thing in the world for people to accept is that somebody is doing something just because he wants to do it."

Then he told me something I still have trouble accepting. "Every February we have field trials for possum dogs and auction off the national champion," he said. "I've stopped telling people the name of the lawyer who paid \$10,540 for the '74 champion, because people bothered him so much, calling him up to ask him if it was true. They couldn't believe it. They'd call back twice. Finally he started telling them yes, it was true but he paid Confederate money. People would believe that." He shook his head again. "That's the way people are."

The next day was show day. "You might have to judge," Basil said, so we went out to look at a lot of possums. I was being swept into the mainstream of the possum, and I didn't know whether I was ready. That was when Basil said, "You can just tell a good possum."

He admitted it hadn't been so easy in the first year of the PGBA. Everybody went out into the woods and rounded up the best-looking "range" possum they could and fed it for a while. "How you going to tell a good possum when you haven't got any good possums?" he said.

"We just picked the best we had and named him the Beauregard and judged the others by him. I'd rather have the Beauregard than the world champion."

But then a lady named Mrs. Wilson in Wetumpka, Ala. was found to have produced a better possum. "She's the one bred the red on 'em," said Curtis Smith, who owns the current Beauregard and also the world champion and whose farm outside Clanton we visited. Curtis is a big old solid man who played walk-on end for Auburn in the early '50s (until he "sprung both ankles") and looks like he might be chewing some tobacco even when he isn't. "We got three from Mrs. Wilson and then started moving toward

a larger, more domesticated animal."

We went out back of Smith's barn, and he started pulling possums out of homemade wood-and-chicken-wire cages. "He knows which ones you can pick up and which ones you can't," said Clark. "I don't like to mess around with another man's possums."

"When you wake them up they're just like anybody else—grouchy," said Smith. They didn't look like any possums I had seen before, because they were so fat and generally rounded and their fur was reddish-grayish-white and fluffy. They looked about as much like a regular possum as Dolly Parton and Porter Wagoner look like a regular country couple. Which is not to say that you couldn't still tell they were possums.

"Now see," said Basil. "They're not as ugly as people say they are. A registered possum is a better possum." He preened himself. The possums bared their teeth. For all their breeding, they still had pink piggy noses and scaly tails and all those teeth in jaws cleft almost to the eyes. "That's old Beauregard there," Curtis said. "No, that's old Stonewall, I guess. See those teeth? They'll cut your finger off just like with the snips." He took out Stonewall II, the world champion, and started grooming him vigorously with a hairbrush. "That possum has been in *National Geographic* and on *To Tell the Truth*," said Basil.

"He's been breeding," said Curtis. "He looks a little poor."

"I think that's the best way to lose weight," said Basil.

I asked Curtis whether he thought possums were very intelligent. "They're intelligent if they have to be," he said. "They'd rather just money along."

I asked him whether his possums knew him. He seemed to muse. "I got no way of telling," he said.

"At least they can tell a stranger," said Basil, "or they wouldn't be acting this way." They were showing bad character. Stonewall was resisting being groomed. Curtis had brought out his trophy to show me, and Stonewall had hold of it with his teeth, trying to gain a purchase that would help him evade the press. He didn't seem to be relating to me at all.

Curtis said he didn't know what the possum industry might come to, though he felt sure hungry people could appreciate possums more than they could for-

*continued*

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eign-and money, which never filtered down to them. He seemed prepared to take possum futures seriously or un-seriously, whichever way they broke.

"When I get back from the legisla-ture," Curtis said, "I get out here with these possums and forget the worries of the world. They don't care much whether I voted right or wrong on a bill. They love me for feeding 'em and watering 'em."

"You got to pet 'em, talk to 'em, let 'em know you're thinking about 'em," said Basil.

"I think this thing has potential," Cur-tis said. "As to for what, I'm still not sure. I know there's millions of people in the world could use some of the pro-tem that's going to waste in Alabama." All fluffed up by this time, Stonewall looked more like a panda than a possum. His teeth were still bared.

"No, I rule," Basil announced at the show the next night, "any possum that hites a judge twice will be disqualified." Dr. Johns, the town doctor, who works himself half to death treating people with or without money, got bit by one of his possums. He said it was a considerable nip, and he should know. He takes in hurt animals—eagles, owls, skunks, woodchucks—and nurses them back to health. "I've been bit by a lot of things," he said.

But mostly the atmosphere was con-genial. The hall was dominated by a big sign that said:

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Basil took care of that by dragging up a big sheet of plywood to cover just the part that said PORK IS HEALTH.

My friend Joan, as I have said, was named Miss Possum International. This was largely because the incumbent Possum Queen had "gotten older and dis-covered boys" and therefore had a date and couldn't appear, but Joan said sim-ply, "I'm honored."

"We had a hard time getting a Possum Queen to begin with," Basil said. "Then I came up with a prize they couldn't turn down, something their ma-mas made 'em get in for—an eight-pound bucket of pure lard. Within three days the first Miss Possum was internationally famous. Been on national television and in the legislatures of two Southern states. A Miss Possum is chosen on personality,

looks and poise. Poise is how they hold a possum." Joan held them by the tail. Basil said he was going to get her on the Carson show.

I found that the other two judges and I tended, miraculously, to come up with very nearly the same point totals from possum to possum. "See," said Basil tri-umphantly, "you can just tell."

One of Dr. Johns' possums, whose name I never caught, won best bear possum, and Pat Cargile's Miss Pollyanna Possum ("We call her April around the house") repeated as best sow. She was a pretty little possum.

There were maybe 40 possums entered, all of them, as it turned out, from Alabama, though one was alleged to be Mexican. A leading owner from Florida had been unable to appear. "They feed 'em mangoes down there," I was told. In Alabama they tend to feed them Jim Dandy dog food.

The last International Show was criti-cized as not being entertaining enough for the fairgoers watching from the sev-eral rows of bleacher seats. "We're not here to entertain," Basil had snapped. "We're here to judge possums."

But at this show, a lot of people en-joyed coming up and talking about the possum. Somebody claimed that his "grandparents used to catch a bunch of possums, turn them loose in the mulber-ry tree in the backyard and tie a dog to the trunk. We'd have a dozen or 15 pos-sums in the tree fattening up on berries, and when we wanted one we'd go out and shake a limb or shoot one."

A lady described her emotions on see-ing a possum in the Clarks' living room. "One of them came walking in there and I jumped up on Charlotte's couch, feet, shoes and all. 'He ain't going to bother you,' they said. 'No, I ain't going to let him bother me,' I said."

"You can see 'em looking better ev-ery year," somebody else said. "You sure can. Look how pretty those are."

None of the show possums played pos-sum—or "sulled" as they call it in Al-abama. "I've known possums the last 50 years," said a man, "and some possums sull and some won't. If he's been han-dled, he won't sull. He'll bite. I've had as many as six or eight in a sack at one time. I love possums. Last year a little girl had one on a collar, leading him around like a puppy."

Dorothy and Horace Goodman, from

Columbus, Ohio, had driven 633 miles to the show for a reason. They wanted to replace their pet possum, Punky-Pooh, which had died. "He got mail as Chris-mas," said Mrs. Goodman. "He was a wonderful pet. He had his own little bed. He'd go to the bathroom in the bowl and wake up by an alarm clock. He ate bacon and cookies. My daugh-ter found him in the yard, just laid out. At first she threw him in the garbage can. We didn't recognize it was a little possum till we got to looking at his feet. His tail was peeled down like a ba-nana. A dog had got a hold of him and peeled him. But he revived."

"When I was a boy," said Clark, "the only thing in the world I'd have to look forward to was when I'd be big enough for someone else to carry the possum bag when we went on a hunt."

"Now look where possums have got me. You know the principle of Ockham's razor: the solution to a problem is al-ways real simple. Possum's simple." The Goodmans paid Dr. Johns \$25 for a young possum that hadn't won anything. "That's \$25 for a little bitty, bitty baby possum!" exclaimed Clark. Since the Goodmans weren't PGBA members, he had collected a fee from them for reg-istering their new pet. "I made \$5 tonight from that," he said, pleased.


All the people present seemed satisfied with the judging. As for the possums, I noticed that they would neither look at you nor seem to make an effort to look away from you. The possums always seemed to have something else on their minds. Maybe something short of intel-ligence; maybe something just off to one side of it. I thought they might be hav-ing some of the trouble believing in the PGBA that I had had, but were going along with it more or less.

"I've had a real good time," said Lou-is Moore, the judge. His regular business is insurance, and he looked very pros-perous. "I'm going to feel good for several days after this."

Gradually the crowd drifted away, and all the possums were caged, loaded into trucks or cars and driven past the side-shows and neon rides of the fair back to their owners' homes. Sentimentally, I hoped that somehow each of the possums I had judged, before it did its part to-ward solving the world's food problem, would get a chance to amble in shallow water.

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Orange High School  
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## HUMAN OLYMPICS

Sir:

I like to think of myself as a typical, red-blooded American male. But lately I've been worried that something might be wrong. I got a bigger thrill out of your photo of Sheila Young skating to her Olympic gold medal (*On Case the Heroes*, Feb. 16) than I did from your annual swimsuit pictures.

WILLIAM E. CARSLY

Chicago

Sir:

Every four years I develop strange symptoms, including extreme feelings of happiness, sadness, joy and pride. A correlation has been drawn by my doctors between my symptoms and the Olympic Games. My condition, they say, is due to a textbook case of that dread disease, Olympic nationalism. But they are wrong! It is true I cheered and wept for Sheila Young, Dorothy Hamill, Bill Koch and the rest of the Americans, but my unusual emotional condition can also be traced to the performances of Roni Mittermeier, Franz Klammer and the sad-eyed Dianne de Leeuw. My affliction is caused by people, not nations. "Humanism!" I yelled at my doctor, "I've contracted humanism!" "It's possible," he replied, "although I think humanism was stamped out long ago."

I hope we have an epidemic.

JOHN B. P. YOUNG III

Williamsport, Pa.

P.S. D. Hamill, I love you.

Sir:

Never have I been more impressed by a sporting event than I was by Franz Klammer's downhill victory. To say that it was sensational is not enough.

KEVIN MCQUELAN

Derby, Conn.

Sir:

Perhaps the time has come to open the Olympics to all athletes, regardless of the "tainting" of their souls by professionalism. If an athlete's proficiency is such that people are willing to pay him to perform, that simply attests to his ability. At least the proposal to permit professional (there's that nasty word again) athletes to participate as amateurs in sports other than their specialty is a step in the right direction.

If the present "amateur" restriction is to exist, it should be applied equally or be abolished. The present situation is ludicrous.

RICHARD O. MACMILLAN

Woodridge, Ill.

Sir:

Of all the performances turned in at the 12th Winter Olympics, those of American cross-country skier Bill Koch were the most inspirational. What he may have lacked in skill and training, he more than made up for in courage. What he may have missed in gold medals and fanfare, he has won in the admiration of sportsmen everywhere. His was truly an Olympian effort by an Olympian in the classic mold.

STEVE GERHART

Oxnard, Calif.

## GIGANTICISM

Sir:

Being a young architecture student, I was fascinated by your report on the rising costs and labor and construction problems that have been delaying preparations for the Summer Olympics (*Olympic Nightmare for Montreal*, Feb. 9). I hope the whole world will learn from this extravagance in Montreal. As we have seen this winter in Austria, there are adequate places just waiting to be used again. The time has come to stop building new Olympic sites.

THOMPSON S. WARD

Lincoln, Neb.

## GIANT ERROR

Sir:

You got a little carried away in your coverage of the Alpine skiing events on page 18 of your Feb. 23 issue (*Images of Innsbruck, Downhill and Up*). It was not the giant slalom that Italy's Piero Gros won. As you correctly reported in *THE RECORD* in the same issue, Gros won the slalom and Hermann Heini of Switzerland the giant slalom.

HARVEY NATHAN

New York City

## GOLDEN GLOW

Sir:

Frank Deford's write-up of the Golden State Warriors (*Everybody Gets into the Act*, Feb. 16) is an outstanding piece of work.

I have been a pro basketball fan for many years and was the treasurer of the Buffalo Braves, an up-and-coming NBA team, for a three-year period, and therefore I am familiar with the problems and promise of a pro team. Much credit is due Franklin Mieuli for having the wisdom to turn over the operation of the team to a fellow like Oak Vertlieb. But much more credit is due Mieuli for selecting a coach like Al Attles, who has molded his players into a "machine" that is fun and exciting to watch.

In the case of the Warriors, everyone gets his money's worth—Mieuli, Vertlieb, Attles, the players and, ah, yes, the public.

EDWARD J. SOJA

Willingboro, N.J.

Sir:

Frank Deford's article is a different insight into a professional franchise. It was a pleasant and necessary contrast to the story on the Chicago Bulls (*Choice Seats at the Bull Ring*, Feb. 2). The Warriors are a credit to sport, and it is nice to see that "good guys" don't always finish last.

EDDY GUARACINO

McKeesport, Pa.

## HOW COULD WE?

Sir:

Many thanks for the article concerning that incredible world-class athlete illustrated on page 26 of your Feb. 9 issue (*Sitting Pretty by Her Style*). After a dog, what next? Raising tropical fish?

ROBERT A. WOOD

North Plainfield, N.J.

## SUCCESSOR'S LACK OF SUCCESS

Sir:

Please tell author Gerald Strine (*The Pleasure Is All Florida's*, Feb. 16) that Grey Fligh's finest daughter, champion race mare and champion broodmare Misty Morn, was the dam of champions Bold Lad and Successor, not "Bold Lad and Viriolic," as his story said.

I knew Successor before he died, as I had syndicated him to stand at stud in California at a cost of \$1,050,000, the highest price ever paid for a stallion to stand in the West. The horse encountered many problems in California and died after two years in the stud. And he proved himself to be a dismal sire, as did his full brother Bold Lad, also a 2-year-old champion.

The Phipps family did indeed sell a lot of their marvelous racing sons of Bold Ruler, but they could not have kept them all. Some had to turn out well. Tim Sams certainly got a winner in *What a Pleasure*. I am sorry that the group in California got such a lemon. So it goes.

VICTOR HERRMAN JR.

Versailles, Ky.

## KNIGHTS AND Fawns

Sir:

In the article *Making All the Right Moves* (Jan. 12) Grandmaster Walter Browne says of Bobby Fischer's refusal to defend his

continued

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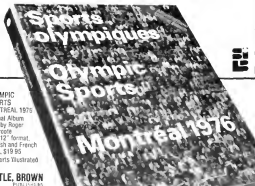
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## 16TH HOLE continued

championship because TIDE would not agree to all his requests. "If Bobby had insisted on 80 of his 100 demands, he'd be all right. If he'd insisted on 90, he'd be unreasonable. But the fact that he insisted on all 100 makes him kind of crazy."

In my opinion, TIDE, the world chess organization, has gone one step further by allowing political intrigues and feuds to deny the sport its greatest event: a Fischer-Anatoly Karpov match. Fischer's "demands" are well within the tradition of match conditions favoring the titleholder in a world championship. How many fighters have refused to meet Muhammad Ali just because, win or lose, the champion of the world was guaranteed the lion's share of the purse? Fischer demanded match conditions that only slightly favored him. His challenger was offered, if he won, the opportunity of going home with more than \$3 million and guaranteed nearly \$2 million of the \$3 million put up by Manila if he lost. If they tied, Fischer proposed that they split the prize money evenly, but with Fischer retaining the title.

It was Fischer's talent, personality and attractiveness to the public that prompted the Philippines to offer the enormous purse. I have yet to meet any grandmaster easy enough to refuse, if offered, a match with Bobby Fischer—and this includes Soviet and Eastern bloc grandmasters with whom I have had private conversations.

Your article also states, "In Russia chess heroes are involved in teaching," and you quote I. d. Immondson, executive director of the U.S. Chess Federation, as saying, "Our grandmasters are not disposed to help a promising young player because they feel he'll steal the bread out of their mouths."

The Russians are compensated for their time and effort. Are our grandmasters *for-profit* to train our "young players" without compensation for their time and effort? I, for one, have received no offers! Incidentally, there isn't an American grandmaster who hasn't given much of his time and energy to encouraging young players, whether they are talented or not. A grandmaster loves chess too much not to want to teach it to others.

The words uttered about half a century ago by world champion Emanuel Lasker ring in every chess master's ears. "In what period do we live? There are creative masters but the organization of the chess world does not produce competition between them. The master is discouraged by the prevailing system. There is something rotten in the state of Denmark."

WILLIAM FOMBARDY  
Grandmaster

Ridgefield, N.J.

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